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RUSSIAN RECESSION: THE CONSUMERS AND THE COMMISSARS

Margaret Miller

Beards and Brawn
The Dissident Varsity

Steve Murdock

REFORM AT LAST? NEW SPRINT IN FOGGY BOTTOM

Smith Simpson

Wiesel: *A Beggar in Jerusalem* / Dan Isaac

Gene Marine on the Panthers

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LETTERS

boom in Canada

Toronto, Canada

Dear Sirs: On the whole Edward Cowan's "Canada in Search of Itself" [*The Nation*, Feb. 9] is a fair-minded piece, but it contains one egregious error—that Canadians might have to accept a lower living standard in order to rid themselves of U.S. exploitation. The assumption that U.S. capital has raised Canadian living standards is a fantasy that screams for disavowal.

In the first instance, the growth rate of the Canadian economy over the past quarter of a century is in no way outstanding and considerably less than that of such nations as Japan, Italy, Sweden and the Soviet Union, which are distinguished for their hostility to U.S. capital. Second, U.S. capital is not a disinterested benevolence but is moved abroad only in expectation of recovering for its owners more than is invested. . . . U.S. firms have placed 30 per cent of their investment in Canada because Canada is both uniquely profitable and has been traditionally endowed with uniquely cooperative governments.

Between 1959 and 1968, the payment of interest and dividends to foreign investors by Canadians soared from $676 million to $1.3 billion, an increase of almost 90 per cent. This year such payments, it is estimated, will come to $1.5 billion and if the trend continues throughout the 1970s, by 1980 Canada will be spending something like $3 billion for this unproductive purpose. Between 1964 and 1968, the payment of management fees and royalties by U.S.-owned firms to their head offices rose from $162 million to $268 million, an increase of 60 per cent in four years. These are not minor costs and in total they come to more than the exports of India in value.

U.S.-owned firms in Canada import vast quantities of components, machinery, raw materials and services which should be produced by the Canadian economy, thus depriving countless Canadians of jobs and worsening the nation's balance-of-payments position. Typically, Canada in 1966 imported machinery worth $1.9 billion, while the huge United States had machinery imports of $1.57 billion. This is largely attributable to U.S.-owned firms buying their machinery from the same companies their head offices deal with.

U.S.-owned firms never export manufactured goods in competition with U.S. head offices. . . . U.S.-owned firms do little if any research in Canada, thus again costing qualified Canadians jobs and weakening the nation's technological position in the world. . . .

It should be understood that over 85 per cent of the capital used by U.S.-owned firms to finance their expansion consists of retained earnings and locally raised capital, so that Canadians are already financing their own development, but on terms unfavorable to themselves.

Canadians are waking up to the necessity to take foreign-owned assets under national ownership and can be confident that when they do so, their living standards will receive the biggest boost ever. *Edward Carrigan*

clarifying Scientology

Las Angeles

Dear Sirs: In your issue of Sept. 29 you ran an article called "Scientology: Total Freedom and Beyond" by Donovan Bess of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, purporting to be a detailed description of the Church of Scientology, its aims and its activities.

The inaccuracies in the article were too numerous to

(Continued on page 308)

EDITORIALS

More on Laos

Since we wrote about it last week ("Once Again Laos"), the news from that unhappy country has grown even worse. Actually, Laos is not a country; it is a geographical area demarcated by the French for their own political purposes, and now invaded by the North Vietnamese and the Americans for *their* political purposes. The victims are the people of the various tribes that inhabit the region, and whose young men are drafted and killed in a war that has not the slightest concern for them, or who serve as mercenaries for the CIA-led American campaigns.

The American side operates through a local war lord, Gen. Vang Pao. Under American direction, he leads an army of Meo tribesmen who engage the Pathet Lao of Prince Souphanouvong, the half-brother of the "neutralist" Souvanna Phouma. Souphanouvong is on the North Vietnamese side; Souvanna Phouma is on our side. How these belligerents conduct themselves is told graphically by Jack Foisie in *The Washington Post* (March 2). In the recent engagements on the Plain of Jars, U.S. aircraft evacuated some 13,000 refugees to the Vientiane area. Some of these, Foisie says, went willingly out of the combat zone, but many, of the merchant class, in particular, would have preferred to stay. It was not that they liked the Communists, but the Pathet Lao would merely tax them—heavily to be sure—and they could remain in business. On that account, the Royalist troops moved them out forcibly, in accordance with a scorched-earth policy decreed by Vang Pao.

The forced evacuation included 680 Chinese, sixty Vietnamese who were long-time residents of Laos, sixty Thais, eighty-five Cambodians, and seven Indians. They were roughly handled, ordered to leave within an hour; their houses were looted and burned, all livestock was shot, and women were "molested." The refugees had to walk 20 miles to an airstrip, where the planes picked some up, while others were drafted into Vang Pao's army.

The refugees are the local victims, together with some American combat personnel and, of course, the American public which pays the taxes to support this crusade for freedom. A summary issued on March 1 by the U.S. command in Saigon indicates that in 1969, 300 American planes and 100 airmen were lost in Laos.

It is still only a "little war" but it is having a devastating effect on the lives of the people of the area (see "The Refugees of Laos" by David Kales, *The Nation*, January 26) who try to eke out a living as first one side and then the other drives them from their homes in a war that makes no sense to them or to anyone else. At latest reports the Administration was said to be prepared to approve

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release of the full transcript of the hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on Laos. It should have been released at the outset, and the longer it is delayed, the more time the Administration has to increase the level of our involvement.

Memorandum to Moynihan

"We have been accused—and you have joined in the accusation—of having published an unfair criticism of 'The Moynihan Report' (William Ryan, *The Nation*, November 22, 1965). We did not think the analysis unfair; on the contrary we shared Mr. Ryan's misgivings about the emphasis that you placed on the role of family relationships in the social tribulations of the Negroes. It had the effect, we thought, of diverting attention from far more serious issues.

"Now it seems to us—as it does to many more than shared our views of your earlier report—that you have repeated the offense. To suggest, in the context of today's events, that Negroes are making such substantial progress that the issue of race would benefit from a period of 'benign neglect' is mischievous, cruel and ridiculous. If there has been progress—as indeed is the case—it has not come about because the issue was 'neglected' for a hundred years after the Civil War, but because Negroes and others pushed hard for commitments and reforms. And we find your reference to the psychiatric significance of the rising incidence of fire alarms from ghetto neighborhoods to be as irrelevant and diversionary, and as mischievously timed, as your earlier comments about the matriarchal Negro family. Even as your memorandum appeared in *The New York Times*, one could read the bitter statement by Leon Panetta, formerly chief of civil rights enforcement in HEW, who accuses the Nixon Administration of catering to political pressure and of selling out on civil rights enforcement. In this context—which includes the speeches by Senators Stennis and Ribicoff—it is hard to see how the issue might benefit from neglect, benign or otherwise. Such a suggestion would imply to Negroes that the Administration was consciously looking away from their problems, as indeed seems to be the case.

"But despite these grounds for indignation, we do sympathize with you as being the victim of some malicious colleagues in the White House or Justice Department, who leaked the memo to the *Times*. It is clear also that you have been having second thoughts about the performance of the Administration. This becomes apparent in what you have to say—without mentioning names—about John Mitchell, who runs the Justice Department as a south Texas sheriff might run it. It is also evident in what you say, quite accurately, about the miserable record of the Administration on crime, the issue it stressed so heavily in 1968. But what did you expect? Did you really think you would have long tenure as the

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'house liberal' of the Administration? Now of course your latest attempt to move the Negro problem off the political stage and into the psychologist's study has destroyed whatever usefulness you once possessed as the Administration's symbol of liberalism. Of course you may stay on for a time, but in the end you will go, and the men around Nixon will be glad to see you go—not because you are too liberal but because you had unkind things to say, by implication, about the Vice President and Mr. Mitchell. Perhaps you wanted to be eased out. It is hard to believe that you did not foresee the danger of scattering copies of that memo about in that improvident way. If you do leave Washington, we wish you well and promise to treat the entire episode with benign neglect."

Bad Day in Chicago

Mme. Claude Pompidou is, by all accounts, a charming lady. She is also the best press agent French *haute couture* ever had. Those twenty-eight gowns she modeled for the American public, which created such a sensation because the skirts extended almost to her ankles, were provided by the Paris dress industry. (She can buy at half price any she can't bear to return.)

In Chicago President and Mme. Pompidou had a bad time: "Chicago was really the black point," Madame complained to the reporter from *Women's Wear Daily* who interviewed her in New York. The demonstrators against French policy in the Middle East were too vehement and too close. "We had to protect ourselves," Mme. Pompidou said, still indignant. "The Mayor didn't protect us. The police were not protecting us."

Reliable sources tell us there was nothing menacing about the demonstrations; by Chicago standards they were mild. The Pompidous should have been there during the 1968 Democratic convention.

Their degree of discomfort was directly proportional to the displeasure of Mayor Richard J. Daley, but the reasons for the Mayor's displeasure on the occasion of their visit could not have been known to Mme. Pompidou and probably not to President Pompidou either. The fact is that they owe their disagreeably close brush with the picketers to President Nixon—he who rushed up to New York to soothe the nation's parting guests. Playing politics as always, Mr. Nixon made the mistake of cutting Mr. Daley out of the Chicago picture. In that town Daley is the boss, and he does not hesitate to let others know it—and that includes the President of the United States. Once he got the impression that Mr. Nixon was not paying him proper respect, the Mayor had to be convinced by State Department pleas at least to show himself at the airport. He skipped the banquet at the Palmer House. President Nixon should not have forgotten the honors due to Mayor Daley while he was bestowing honors on President Pompidou. You don't do this to Daley, not unless you want a close look at some demonstrators.

Nor is Mayor Daley at all contrite, as good diplomatic manners would dictate. He flatly disavowed President Nixon's apologies for what happened in Chicago. Compliments, he declared, "are due to those who turned out to demonstrate and for the orderly manner in which they exercised their rights as American citizens."

So once again Chicago is the black point, this time seemingly on the side of free protest—but not really. It all depends on who is demonstrating against what. We would apologize to President and Mme. Pompidou for Mayor Daley, but what could we say?

Privilege for the Press

In our issue of February 16, we submitted ("Coordinating the Media") that it was time to provide formal legal sanction for the inchoate privilege that newspaper men have acquired over the years—that of keeping sources of information confidential in situations of prime social importance. Like many other informal "rights," this one has slowly emerged through experience and necessity. Except in a few jurisdictions, it has not been recognized by statute or other legal definition. The generally recognized privileged relations have been those of lawyer and client, physician and patient, priest and confessant. Nevertheless, courts have sensed that there was a good case to be made for adding newsmen to this category, and by the nature of their vocation they themselves have felt a moral and practical need for such protection. Obviously, if the newsman could be forced to disclose his sources, he would soon have few sources. This would hardly be in the public interest. Freedom of the press is indispensable to all the freedoms that are cherished in the West, whether hypocritically or with genuine solicitude.

On this ground, the courts have tended to decide that if the case was one of prime public interest the newsman might lawfully refuse to disclose his sources. The trouble with this loose formulation has been that it was subject in some instances to judicial caprice or prejudice, and so put the newsman at a distinct risk. He had to make the decision as to the importance of the issue. If the judge agreed with him, well and good; if the judge was of another opinion and the newsman persisted in his stand, he was headed for jail.

Messrs. Agnew and Mitchell, and President Nixon—without whose acquiescence the recent assaults on the independence of the press could not have been launched—have, quite inadvertently, set the stage for what could result in clarification of this issue, and quite possibly a major advance in the journalist's professional standing. Their attempts to coerce the media for political advantage, or for defense against

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what they choose to regard as subversion, may convert an uncertain privilege into one well grounded in the law. This is what Rep. Richard L. Ottinger (D., N.Y.) proposes, and we heartily endorse the idea. The entire press should endorse it.

Mr. Ottinger, a legislator of enlightened views, has served three terms as the Representative from predominantly conservative areas in Westchester and Putnam Counties. Before his advent, the district was served by a succession of dismal political hacks. Possession of personal means helped elect him the first time, but his re-election could not have been based on anything but outstanding merit. He is now seeking the Democratic Senatorial nomination to run against the incumbent, Charles E. Goodell—a case of one good man against another.

Mr. Ottinger's views on journalistic privilege indicate that he is not seeking higher office for its own sake. He has picked up an important issue and he is not pussyfooting about it. "The threat of a new McCarthyism," he says "has arisen through a Vice President bent on bullying the news media into a submissive attitude toward Administration policies; through an Attorney General who seeks to rip up the Bill of Rights he has sworn to uphold and defend; and through repressive elements in both Houses of Congress who, by playing upon fear and prejudice, have begun to ram through measures which would wipe out basic constitutional freedoms while failing to halt the spread of crime in our society."

It remains to be seen whether the printed and electronic media will unite in support of Mr. Ottinger's "Newsmen's Privilege Act." The wrong attitude is expressed by Julian Goodman, president of the National Broadcasting Company. After conferring with the Attorney General, Mr. Goodman told a *New York Times* reporter that he did not think a common strategy was "practical," because of the competitive nature of the communications industries. But in this matter all the media have a common interest. In contrast to Mr. Goodman's view, the Newspaper Guild of New York has voted to support a number of resolutions adopted by the *Time* unit, a crucial one being that if a subpoena is issued for the files of a reporter or writer, the files are not to be released without the consent of the individual involved, and disciplinary action against the reporter or writer will be considered by the Guild to be a violation of its contract with the publisher.

Mr. Ottinger's proposal does not contemplate unlimited privilege for journalists. For instance, where a threat to human life is involved, or in cases of espionage, etc., a federal court could order disclosure. But the thrust of his proposal is all to the good. While the immediate threat to freedom of the press comes from the federal government, if danger from that quarter is averted by appropriate federal legislation, the states might clear up the situation further by enacting their own statutes.

From Maverick Country

"I'd rather be right than consistent," says El Paso businessman John Karr when challenged for having abandoned a political institution he finds to be out of touch with prevailing social and political developments. Karr, a life-time Democrat, filed on February 2 as a Republican candidate for Congress from the 16th Congressional District of Texas, an area which includes twelve West Texas counties with El Paso, a city of 300,000, at the hub.

Karr's challenge promises to awaken an electorate which has frequently been obliged to choose from a covey of "me-too" candidates. In the GOP primary, he will face Jesus R. Provencio, assistant professor of physics and mathematics at the University of Texas (El Paso), put forward as a routine gesture by the unimaginative party regulars. His Democratic opponent will be either the House incumbent, Richard C. White, or Raymond Telles, former El Paso mayor and ambassador to Costa Rica. White appears to be basing his campaign on his reliable moderation, and Telles evidently hopes to outdo him in this unenterprising claim.

In a farewell letter to the Democratic County Chairman, Karr recalled his vain attempts over the past few years to make the party responsive to the needs of the people, adding that he knows similar frustration may await him in the Republican ranks. If so, he said, he will look for still another vehicle offering political responsiveness. Karr's background does not immediately suggest the maverick strain: he was born and raised on a stock farm near Emporia, Kan., forty-seven years ago, graduated from West Point, was a fighter pilot in World War II, and is an Episcopalian active today in church as well as civic and business affairs.

But he is also on the Board of Directors of the American Civil Liberties Union in El Paso, a founder and the first chairman of the El Paso branch of the American Friends Service Committee and a member of Amigos de los Machos, a citizens group affiliated with OEO. In 1968 he was on the El Paso County committee to elect Eugene McCarthy, and was thus part of the movement that delivered El Paso's two votes to McCarthy at Chicago, the only Texas county delegation to do so. He speaks out on El Paso's net outward migration, caused by lack of jobs for the young, and by the vulnerability of an economy geared to the war. During the moratorium last November, Karr prevailed on the city authorities to include parade marshals in the squad cars, with the result that the demonstration was vigorous but peaceful.

Karr is respected by establishment businessmen and political militants alike. He says: "I have a number of things going for me, including a large constituency of active and politically hep youth that is without party loyalty." The median age of the citizens of El Paso is 22.7 years, one of the youngest in the country.

Samuel Z. Wintroub

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RIBICOFF RIDES THE TIDE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

When admirers of Abraham Ribicoff describe him politically, they do not say that he is the brainiest man in the Senate or a crusader or an idealist or a loyal team player. They say he is an excellent tactician, a realist, and a crafty tester of trends and wielder of publicity.

Other descriptions are now heard from some of the Senate liberals who thought they could count on the handsome Connecticut politician to vote "Northern" on racial legislation. When he came out in favor of the school amendment offered by Sen. John Stennis of Mississippi, ostensibly designed to attack *de facto* segregation in the North with as much vigor as *de jure* segregation is attacked in the South, the Senate liberals were shocked. Few observers believe that the Stennis amendment was designed to have any effect except to stall desegregation in the South. As a Senator, Ribicoff had always supported civil rights legislation. Why, under the guise of opposing Northern "hypocrisy," did he now side with the most reactionary politicians of the South? Why would the former Secretary of HEW in President Kennedy's Cabinet try to ensnare integrationists in further red tape?

Having no ready answers, some of his liberal colleagues are reduced to pity or to anger. One felt "embarrassed by Abe's naiveté"; another conceded, "It would be difficult to ascribe evil motives to him, but it's almost as bad to say that he was sincere, because this would mean he is terribly shallow"; another felt "confused at how he got trapped into supporting the resolution." One liberal, reminded that Southern Senators had praised Ribicoff for his courage, erupted: "Courage! Jesus, this is just what the white suburbanites in Connecticut want to hear."

Anger may be in order; but pity shows little understanding of Ribicoff. He is certainly not naive; he is seldom trapped. However, it isn't surprising that he is sometimes incorrectly appraised. Few other members know him well. He is not in the Senate's "inner club," nor does he run with the fastest and most promising of the comers. The best place for Senators to get acquainted with one another is in committee work. Ribicoff is on three committees: Finance, Government Operations and the Joint Economic Committee. The JEC, under the chairmanship of William Proxmire, has been doing some excellent investigative work into the military-industrial complex; Connecticut, Ribicoff's home state, benefits more per capita from military industries than does any other state in the nation. Staff members of the JEC say they cannot recall Ribicoff ever attending a meeting of that committee. He does attend the Finance Committee regularly. Immediately after counting the ballots that put him in the Senate, Ribicoff flew down to Georgia and asked the biggest bull of them all, Richard Russell, to help get him on the Finance Committee, which is chaired by that Louisiana cutup, Russell Long. Ribicoff won the seat—quite a plum for a freshman—and has often shown his gratitude to the Southern conservatives. Last summer, when liberals on the committee swore they would never vote the surtax extension out of the Finance Committee until a tax reform was also voted out, Ribicoff broke ranks and voted with the conservatives (his was the needed vote) to move the surtax to the floor.

He has voted for every civil rights bill, but there were other signs along the way that when the loose liberal unity on this question began to shatter he would be among the first to slip out. One Eastern Senator's aide recalls, "I've worked on the Hill since 1961 and I've worked on every civil rights bill. I don't recall Ribicoff making a speech to support any of them. In the big fight of 1964, about a dozen Senators met every day for eighty-one days to keep the civil rights momentum. Ribicoff wasn't among them. Frankly, nobody thought to invite him, I guess. He just wasn't considered that type."

When Ribicoff was Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, he was probably as energetic as President Kennedy in pursuing equal rights, but President Kennedy, himself cautious in such matters, was often more eager to use Ribicoff as a lobbyist than as a missionary. In 1961, when the general school aid bill seemed to be in trouble, Secretary Ribicoff went about seeking Southern and border state votes by repeatedly assuring House members from those areas that he had no intention of holding back funds from segregated schools unless he had specific instructions from Congress. A spokesman for the Washington office of the NAACP recalls: "We had a running fight on the school funds. Ribicoff gave us no help at all. But just before he quit to run for the Senate, he made a statement more or less supporting our position."

Ribicoff's first reputation as a "Jewish liberal type" was created during his stay in the House, from 1949 to 1953, when, as one familiar with Connecticut politics recalls, "he exuded internationalism, which was one way to get a liberal reputation without bleeding for it. He liked to get pictures in the paper of himself shaking hands with Adenauer and that sort of thing." But when he became Governor of Connecticut in 1954, he followed the Eisenhower trend back toward conservatism. The liberal Young Democrats fought for a state income tax to expand education and services, but there were two recessions during Ribicoff's governorship and he responded to the tight money era by holding the line on all taxes, including those on people and institutions that could have afforded to pay more. Stalled in the doldrums of the

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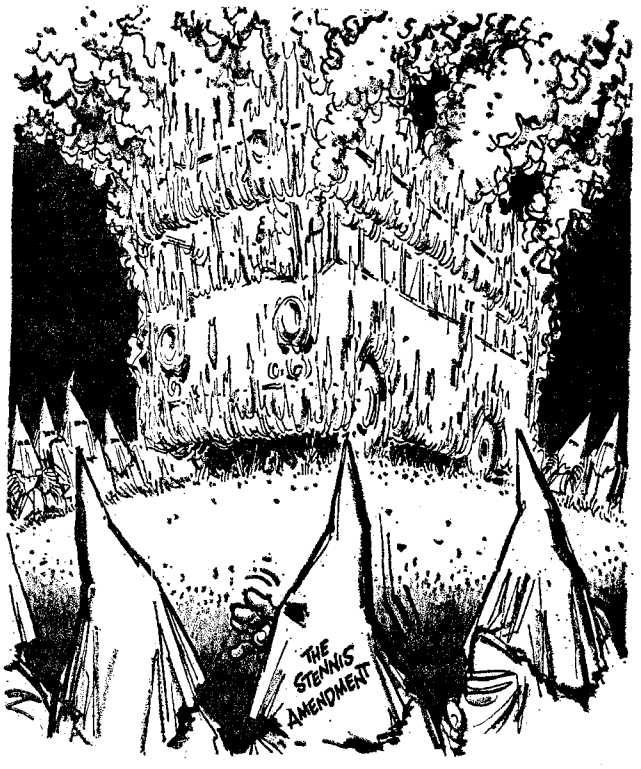
1950s, Ribicoff not only considered it senseless to rock the boat, he saw no reason even to paddle; the greatest excitement of his tenure was caused by a highway safety campaign. His career has, in fact, been a barometer for every national change. Ralph Nader, critical of Ribicoff's advocacy of auto safety as too late and too mild, once said of him: "When Ribicoff moves, people don't say here is a guy who is far out. They say if Ribicoff is moving, the tide can't be far behind."

If that sounds like opportunism, political managers who admire Ribicoff don't make it sound much different, even when they call it prudent foresight. John Bailey, former national chairman of the Democratic Party and an old crony of Ribicoff, put it this way: "He's had a talent for getting out ahead on an issue that counts, so that when it comes to a head he's right there in the forefront."

At the height of the Great Society bombast in 1966, Ribicoff, though a freshman Senator, used the chairmanship of an unlikely subcommittee of the Senate Government Operations Committee to hoist himself into the limelight via hearings into the newly discovered "urban crisis." *The Reporter* noted that "Ribicoff ssemed to be in constant search of the vision, not to mention the television." From those hearings Ribicoff concluded that the government should do something about the cities by pouring big money into them. Yet by the next year, with the Great Society beginning to leak air, he was ready to tell *U.S. News & World Report*, with approval: "There's a growing sentiment in the U.S. against the influence of the federal government in local affairs."



Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"We Decided To Burn Something Practical . . ."

In 1968, Ribicoff achieved his one major moment of national glamour when he took the rostrum at the Democratic National Convention to protest the "Gestapo tactics" of the Chicago police, thus winning a murderous gesture from Mayor Richard Daley and winning also bountiful publicity. (Shortly before he took the Senate floor to support the Stennis amendment, Ribicoff put his arm around the shoulders of a Washington reporter and whispered huskily into his ear: "This is the hardest thing I've done since Chicago." It was a paradoxical if not a phony remark. What was so hard about Chicago? Up for re-election in 1968, Ribicoff sorely needed to recover the enthusiasm of Connecticut liberals who had become disenchanted with him; and he did recover their support by his heated exchange with Mayor Daley.)

Now that 1970 finds Ribicoff following his natural bent by pursuing a new trend—the racial unrest of the middle class—he is being credited with powers of persuasion and influence that never before have been noticed in his career. "When he supported the Stennis amendment, he made it respectable," one Senate strategist complained. "He persuaded Aiken to go along, and Prouty always follows Aiken in such matters. That convinced Margaret Chase Smith. And then some of the border state Senators, who normally would have voted right, followed the New England puritans."

This puts entirely the wrong emphasis on Ribicoff's defection from liberalism. The importance of what he did and said lies not in its effect on other federal legislators but in its effect on the mind of the nation elsewhere. Everyone knows that the North has been no saintly station of racial benevolence. Even before the Civil War, the good citizens of New Haven broke the windows of the home of a Quaker lady, then dragged her into the street and threw her in prison—all with the consent of the magistrate—for no crime except that she was teaching Negro girls to read. The North's callousness toward Negroes, as well as its frequent animosities, is long-standing. But the hundreds of lynchings, the conscious starvation of Negroes and the intentional deprivation of even rudimentary education to millions of people—such actions are not found in the record of any region outside the South. The perversities of the South—except as they have infected Congress and, because of the migratory habits of Southerners, have infected some sections of the cities of the North and West—remain the South's alone and it alone is responsible for them.

To be sure, other regions shoot Panthers, stuff blacks into slums, flee integrated neighborhoods, demonstrate against employment ratios for blacks; nevertheless, other sentiments do prevail in other regions and it is *only* these other sentiments in other regions—which the South calls hypocrisy—that have

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ever given the black man a chance in this country. If the South ever convinces other sections that "you are just as guilty as we are because essentially you feel about the blacks as we do," then the integration movement could very easily come to a halt. That is the South's goal: to persuade the rest of the country that the clumsy and often harmful efforts of non-Southerners to adjust to the massive influx of black people is no different from Dixie's hatred and contempt for both the Negroes who left and the Negroes who stayed behind.

By joining the South in this theme, by joining the South's conspiracy of equating Northern "hypocrisy" with Southern hatred, Ribicoff, a supposedly respectable liberal, has done enormous damage among the general public. But he has not done it in Congress, where his influence is negligible, as shown by the fact that while a few wobbly New Englanders and border staters peeled off with him, not one liberal Senator from a major urban state voted in favor of the Stennis amendment.

His defection certainly cannot be said to have heralded the shattering of the liberal coalition in the Senate, though in a moment of acute gloom that was the fear of Minnesota's Walter Mondale (most of the other Senate liberals being either absent or silent during the toughest moments of the debate) who competently argued against the hollow sentimentalism of Ribicoff's position. But Mondale is wrong, for there is no coalition to shatter; there is no group of liberals in the Senate who are as tightly organized and passionately dedicated to integration as the South's legislators are in opposition. That's all that Ribicoff's defection helped to re-prove. □

REFORM AT LAST?

NEW SPRINT IN FOGGY BOTTOM

SMITH SIMPSON
Mr. Simpson, a retired Foreign Service officer with more than twenty years' experience in and around the diplomatic establishment, is the author of Anatomy of the State Department *(Houghton Mifflin).*

Once again, the State Department is off and running down the track of reform. On January 14, William B. Macomber, the new Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, revealed the strategy to an assembly of the Department's personnel that jammed a large auditorium. The premises from which the reform takes off he stated in the form of an appeal to "begin today by taking an honest look at ourselves." The self-criticism went as follows:

(*1*) In organization and management, the State Department and Foreign Service have failed to "adjust" to the new role taken by the United States since World War II.

(2) "We have tended to be intuitive in nature, weak in planning and unenthusiastic about management."

(*3*) As other departments of government "began legitimately to play an ever-increasing role in U.S. foreign affairs . . . the instinct of the traditional foreign policy establishment was to protect its exclusiveness. . . . We did not participate to the degree we should have in the important work of developing these new agencies. We were not organized to do so managerially, and we did not have the specialists required. We thus began 'to lose control of the action.' "

(*4*) "Nevertheless, Presidents have continued to look to us as their principal staff arm in forging a national policy out of the spectrum of diverse, specialized and often parochial foreign affairs interests scattered throughout our government. And Presidents have continued to expect this Department to insure that our complex and wide-ranging governmental activities abroad are coordinated and carried out in a manner consistent with the policies they have determined."

(*5*) Failing to be "systematic, competent and aggressive . . . we have not met the challenge of foreign affairs leadership as successfully as we might have. Our failure to do so has caused frustration. And it has raised a clear prospect: either we produce the improvements necessary . . . or . . . this will be done for us."

So much for "the honest look." What reforms does Mr. Macomber propose? He offers them in four categories: personnel, organization and management, attitudes, and conditions of service. They may be briefly summarized as follows:

Personnel. The day has passed when diplomatic officers need only a general smattering of knowledge about the more visible political, economic and social phenomena. The age of the specialist is here, and the specialist of diplomacy must be educated and trained in the "core skills." Apart from foreign languages, the Department has never paid much attention to these skills. It will now do so.

A new five-category personnel system will enable officers to specialize in political, economic/commercial, administrative, consular and such miscellaneous careers as those of scientists, doctors, nurses, security officers, building engineers (important to protect embassies and consular posts from "bugging") and permanent faculty members of the De-

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partment's training agency, the Foreign Service Institute. Most officers will be recruited for a particular specialty and will be expected to spend the bulk of their service time in it. Those demonstrating executive talent will be moved across specialty lines, thereby developing a long needed pool of foreign affairs managers.

Younger officers will be got off to "a faster and more interesting start," but older and more experienced officers will not be sacrificed. "It is our more experienced and senior officers who are our principal current assets in the immediate effort each day to protect the interests of our country and to keep the world from unleashing its megatons." At the same time, the Department needs most "those who do not already know too many reasons why too many things won't work."

The ombudsman proposed by the "Young Turks" (career officers who have been agitating for reforms for the last two and a half years) will be brought into the Department by establishing an Office of Welfare and Grievances, the director of which is to be "a senior, able and highly respected officer who will have wide authority to investigate and advise on personnel grievances and wrongs." He will report directly to Mr. Macomber.

Organization and Management. The old Policy Planning Staff of the Department, which Secretary Rogers has already converted into a Planning and Coordination Staff, will not only carry on the policy planning of which the Department is in such desperate need but will work to tidy up some of the loose ends which have dangled from topside decisions, including those of the National Security Council.

The Policy and Coordinating Staff will also provide a secretariat for the top-level interagency committee, formerly known as the Senior Interdepartmental Group, which the Under Secretary chairs. It will perform similarly for the subordinate interdepartmental groups over which the assistant secretaries preside, thus producing a more effective meshing of these two echelons. These groups are seen as the administrative tools by which the State Department can coordinate the foreign affairs of the federal government.

There will be no Permanent Under Secretary, a career diplomatic officer located at the Department's summit to provide policy and management continuity from administration to administration. "A number of administrations have resisted the idea," Macomber said, "and of course no administration can bind a successor to accept this device."

Attitudes. It being axiomatic that "changes in tables of organization, significant as they may be, are never final and never finally solve basic management problems," and that "attitudes and approach that managers at all levels bring to their jobs and instill in those about them" are far more significant for reform, "it is important that we find improved ways" to nurture creativity, initiative, analytical and reflective attitudes, long-range thinking and a more aggressive disposition to "get the jump on situations."

Conditions of Service. An important task of management, therefore, is to create those conditions of service which will encourage such attitudes. This can be approached in a variety of ways, including such personnel-organizational devices as the Office of Welfare and Grievances and the "Open Forum Panel," instituted by Dean Rusk under pressure from young officers, which provides a channel by which officers of all levels can get suggestions to the top. Another way is to "give all our people more time to focus on new ideas, alternative solutions and imaginative tactics" by reducing the traffic of messages to and from the field. "This, along with allowing more time for creative thinking by our Washington-based officers, is the objective of the reporting reduction operation currently under way." A "major and searching review of the role and functions of our diplomatic missions" is being initiated. Also under examination are inspection and evaluation of those missions, as well as criteria and devices for the promotion of officers and the broadening of their education, training and experience through the Foreign Service Institute and assignments to "the nongovernmental foreign affairs community," which includes not only universities and foundations but business, labor and communications organizations.

These are daring words and they imply a good, hard run. No one knows the hurdles better than Macomber. He is not new to the foreign affairs community. Indeed, he is the most broadly experienced man ever to occupy the top administrative post of the Department. Furthermore, he is not a Foreign Service officer.

After graduating from Yale in 1943, Mr. Macomber put in three years with the Marines, returned to Yale for a master's degree in government, took a law degree at Harvard and a master's degree in political science at Chicago. He then joined the CIA for two years, switched to the State Department in 1953 to serve on the staff of the special assistant for intelligence (presumably as CIA liaison), joined Sen. John Sherman Cooper as administrative assistant, returned to State as a special assistant to the Under Secretary (Herbert Hoover, Jr.), became a special assistant to Secretary Dulles and then put in four years as assistant secretary for Congressional Relations. In that job he impressed Sen. John Kennedy who, on becoming President, decided Macomber was a Republican who should be retained. After three years as ambassador to Jordan, he returned to Washington as AID's assistant administrator for the Near East and South Asia, and in 1967 resumed his former responsibilities for State's relations on Capitol Hill.

So Macomber is well rounded, with a good deal of diplomatic, political and organizational experience. Never finding it necessary to enter the Foreign Service, he has not acquired any of the parochialisms or

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defense mechanisms which have done so much to limit the capabilities of intrinsically able Foreign Service officers.

What then are Macomber's chances of pulling off his sprint to reform? One must recall that the State Department not infrequently sets off on this kind of spirited exercise. Never, unfortunately, has any of its dashes lasted to the finish line.

Back in 1900, Wilbur J. Carr set off on a series of runs, the last of which ended a quarter of a century later in a piece of reform legislation known as the Rogers Act. This merged the old diplomatic and consular services into a single "Foreign Service of the United States" and prescribed a number of long overdue improvements in the selection, training, assignment and promotion of officers. On few of these did the Department or the Foreign Service carry through effectively. And that is why they reappear like awakened ghosts in Mr. Macomber's design.

Then, in 1943, Edward R. Stettinius became Under Secretary of State and initiated what FDR gleefully described as "giving hell to the State Department." As soon as Stettinius got a reorganization of the Department under way, a group of Foreign Service officers, restive for some years and now supported by clear handwriting on the wall, began running a reform race on their own. From this latter initiative came the Foreign Service Act of 1946.

Few of the objectives of either of these efforts were realized. Stettinius soon departed; his successors became too much involved in crises and international meetings to give much thought to the Department's continuing need to modernize, and the Foreign Service reformers were rotated to other assignments. To this dissipation of energy was added a failure to professionalize the standards for admission to the Service, so that a familiarity with the objectives of the 1946 act and with the establishment itself never became a part of every officer's background. Reform gradually dropped from sight and when postwar economizing overtook the diplomatic establishment, the hard-worked survivors had no time or energy to think beyond the day's requirements.

With the Kennedy administration came another sprint. This produced a "Herter Report" which recommended some personnel innovations. There the innovative spirit would have died had not the administration's third try at filling the post of Deputy Under Secretary for Administration turned up William J. Crockett, one of the relatively few creative-minded officers in the diplomatic establishment. He gave the sprint a second wind. For almost four years —from 1963 to early 1967—Crockett turned in a flashy performance but, lacking the support of his superiors —and notably that of Dean Rusk—he found the goals elusive. Weary and disheartened, he retired to a less trying job in private employment.

Now, three years later, Macomber proposes another dash. The idea does not emerge from nowhere. A group of officers—a few senior, but mostly mid-career and young—have always refused to accept the departure of Crockett as conclusive. Lacking a base in the Department itself, they seized control of the private American Foreign Service Officers Association after a whirlwind campaign in 1967. They set to work defining those objectives of reform they wanted to espouse, and on the eve of the 1968 elections issued a report, "Toward a Modern Diplomacy." They also helped produce a volume of *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science on the same subject. Copies of both were provided to various echelons of the Nixon headquarters, to Mr. Rogers when he was appointed Secretary of State, and to Elliot Richardson when he was designated Under Secretary. Mr. Richardson's antennae were sharp enough to catch the signals and he began searching for a Deputy Under Secretary for Administration to put the Department in some sort of manageable shape.

For eight months Mr. Richardson searched so quietly that the Administration appeared to be ducking the issue. Indeed, at his press conference of August 20, Secretary Rogers threw cold water on it. Asked whether it was true that "you have a new front opening up on reorganizing the State Department," he replied with such a classic example of the Administration's technique of lowering its voice to the point of saying nothing that it is worth quoting in full.

> I don't think we have a new front. We have pretty well completed our personnel changes. We have a few staffing problems left. But on the whole the Department, I think, so far as administration is concerned, is in good shape. We have as I say—Mr. Cargo's [William I. Cargo, director of the Planning and Coordination Staff] operation still has some people—we have some places to fill. But on the whole, I think it is well staffed. And I am very proud of the people we have. I think they are unusually capable.

One of the "few staffing problems left" was filling the post of Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, and something began happening to the Secretary's tone of understated complacency when, on October 3, William B. Macomber was installed in that position.

For some reason I do not understand, some Young Turks did not relish his becoming Deputy Under Secretary. Of all the people who have taken this onerous and thankless position, Macomber showed in his January presentation that he not only has the

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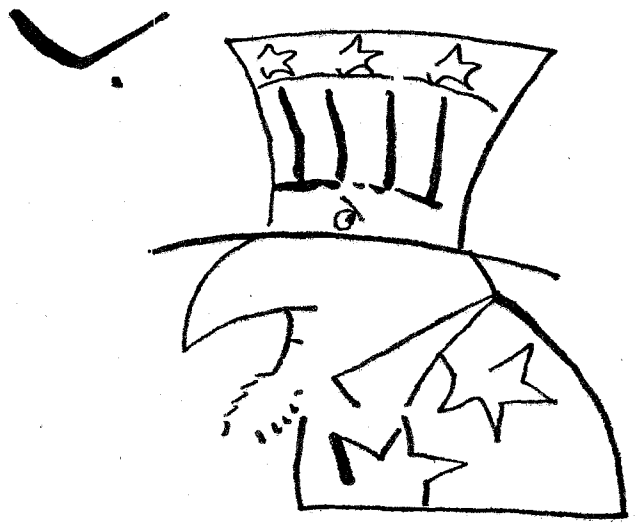
broad background and tough-mindedness needed for a reformer but has mastered much of the reform literature. That is an intellectual feat none of his predecessors ever achieved.

In addition, he made it clear in his remarks that "This is an effort to which Secretary Rogers and Under Secretary Richardson [note the inclusion of the latter] attach great importance. They have asked me to stress today that what we accomplish in this regard will be of far more lasting significance than the handling of a great many of the more transitory matters which you and they must necessarily deal with on a daily basis." He added later in his re-



marks: "As Secretary Rogers says, 'let's quit talking about the problem and start solving it.' "

So Macomber seems to have taken the assignment on the basis of an understanding with his associates at the Department's summit. The spelling out of that understanding in the form of a speech to the Department's personnel was some evidence, too, of political astuteness. The understanding is now on the record. Never before has that occurred.

Nevertheless, Macomber has a far piece to go, farther than his own well-rounded design suggests. There are basic issues with which his proposals do not grapple. One of them is the proposition that U.S. foreign policy and diplomacy should remain under civilian control. This is not a matter of better organization and management of the State Department, or of more effective liaison with the military establishment. It is a matter of principle, of instilling that principle into the diplomatic establishment and of training its officers to carry it out. Unless the Department can develop the determination to prevail in its own area, and to that end devise adequate educational and training programs for all its officers, it will never evolve the overwhelming leadership in the total federal community that civilian control requires.

Vietnam is not the only theatre in which the Department has lost control of foreign policy, but it is currently the most disastrous example. How did it occur that the policy of escalation was effectively challenged by civilians in the Pentagon, not by civilians in the State Department? Why did no one in State's inner circle ever question whether we had the diplomatic resources to carry off such an adventure and to guarantee its civilian direction? Who in that circle ever cautioned that foreign policy and foreign commitments must accord with diplomatic resources? Why, at the very least, did no one in State recognize its poverty of officers experienced in Southeast Asia in general and in Vietnamese affairs in particular? Why did it take the Kennedys to wake up the Department and its training organization, the Foreign Service Institute, to the need for training officers in countersubversion and nation-building diplomacy? Who even now in State is trying to determine what produced this lapse of policy, this resourceless diplomacy? If a repetition is to be avoided, the Department must know what defects in the preparation and service conditions of diplomatic officers prevented them from undertaking the hard analysis of developing policy that was essential both to challenging that policy and to relating it to available diplomatic resources. That something was missing is clear enough, and it still affects everything officers do across the whole spectrum of foreign affairs.

The same kinds of questions can be raised about a second crucial issue, that of preserving the maximum possible overtness and ethical propriety in our overseas operations. Secret organizations may well contribute to a government's operational effectiveness, but they also pose a basic threat to the principles of freedom and democracy. Hence we must keep secret operations to a minimum in foreign affairs, and we can do so only by having the most effective possible aboveboard diplomacy. This requires, again, a well-conceived policy, thoroughly indoctrinated into every diplomatic and CIA officer, and a training program that equips every diplomatic officer to perform from the start with maximum effectiveness.

Macomber is confronted by a severe scarcity of personnel. That, too, lies beyond the perimeters of his design for reform, but is crucial to it. It does no good to plan a better educational and training system within the establishment if officers are so few that they cannot profit from it. For years, the Department's staffing pattern has been too lean to permit the development of effective educational and training programs. Dean Rusk took to boasting each year before Congressman Rooney's subcommittee on appropriations that he was not requesting personnel increases, despite increasing burdens and needs. "We are just working harder," he used to say. That was demagogy and Rusk's policy of virtuous self-denial was made still more destructive by two government-wide reductions of personnel. The Nixon Administration has now decreed a third. Not only

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have able, experienced diplomatic officers been lost, and morale dealt a blow, but offices are understaffed to the point of making impossible the reflective, far-sighted, creative thinking for which Macomber is pleading. That was one of the conditions that denied Crockett much of the momentum for reform he tried to generate. It will deny it to Macomber as well.

From personal experience, I can testify to how devastating insufficient manpower can be. Having retired from the State Department in 1962 to work for reform on the outside, I was asked to return in 1965. One of the proposals we then formulated concerned important renovations in the orientation of young officers. We reanimated a long-dormant Advisory Training Committee to consider the proposal, setting a date for a meeting that would give its members ten days (including two weekends) to read what we had prepared. I phoned each member to convey the general idea of the proposal and to implore careful study and reflection, which each solemnly promised. On the day of the meeting, however, one after another came to me and whispered that he had not had time to read the proposal. Only two of the ten members attending the meeting had read the reform laid before them. However, no one would publicly confess his lack of preparation; the proposal was discussed in a rambling fashion and voted upon. The result? Two in favor, eight opposed.

Such clinging to old notions, old attitudes, old criteria by men too busy or exhausted either to examine, think and innovate themselves or to keep abreast of others' proposals can devitalize the best intentions of reform. Not only must officers be relieved of numbing pressures on the job; they must also be given time off to stand back and look at what they are doing. Secretary Rusk liked to boast that everybody was just working harder. "Working harder" at the same old lines of policy, at the same old limited notions of diplomacy, in accordance with the same old shallow ideas of what the modern world demands. And since one of those policies had to do with Vietnam, "working harder" meant digging the nation ever deeper into disaster.

If such debacles are to be avoided, minds must be refreshed, sources of information and viewpoint amplified, routine thinking challenged. Annual leave must be taken without question—indeed, it must be required. Sabbaticals must be provided, and assignments granted to new milieus—not for just a few favored officers but for all. Much of the reform that Macomber's program envisages can be accomplished only in the minds, wills and interests of officers.

We induct into the diplomatic calling too many officers who are superficial even at the start of their careers. I recall that when I was interviewing newly commissioned officers a few years ago, I asked them if they were doing any of the reading that had been recommended in their orientation course. More than a few said No, and when I inquired further, they shocked me with this answer: "If I was good enough to get in, I'm good enough." The Department panders to this attitude instead of challenging it. It will neither put its recruits through an exacting preparation nor test their response to the orientation offered. When, at various times, I have been in a position to challenge this scandalous slackness, I have been told by those in charge that the recruits would rebel against a thorough and tested preparation. "They are fed up with courses and examinations," I was told. "They have had enough of studying. They want action. They want to get going." So the result is that the State Department introduces its officers to the most difficult calling in the world—the preservation of peace—by a superficial, slapdash "orientation."

The State Department does not call on its recruits to meet standards remotely resembling those which other occupations have set to prepare employees for modern, competitive conditions. The brokerage business, for example, looks like a relatively simple occupation—selling stocks and bonds. But consider the preparatory program which first-class firms exact of aspiring account executives—the lowest position carrying policy responsibilities. In contrast to the State Department's six-week smattering of substantive orientation (without examinations), plus four weeks of consular training, these brokerage houses put their candidates through a grueling twenty-nine weeks. Candidates must then pass the stringent examinations required by the New York Stock Exchange, the National Association of Security Dealers and the Chicago Board of Trade.

What would these brokerage firms do with candidates who "rebelled" against the hard preparatory study? They would say: "You're not for us." What does the State Department say? "Come on in anyway. You'll learn on the job." Brokerage was also once learned on the job. Is the State Department's business so much simpler, so much less important, so much less critical to the needs of society that it can still be satisfactorily learned that way?

The standard answer to this is not only that officers can "learn on the job" all they need to know but that they are so good—picked through such a rigorous examination—that they do not need professional preparation. To this I say nonsense. Mystified over the years as to how so many mediocrities got through the "rigorous" selection system, I finally requested an assignment to the Board of Examiners for the Foreign Service. To be admitted to the Foreign Service, candidates must pass a written examination and then an oral, the latter designed primarily to test personal attributes. My assignment to the board required that I participate in the oral examination of candidates who had been certified as having passed the written. I was immediately appalled by the prevailing shallowness of those examined. Wondering how they could possibly have passed the rigorous written examinations, I called for their grades. These seemed in order. Then I requested their raw scores and discovered the answer to my

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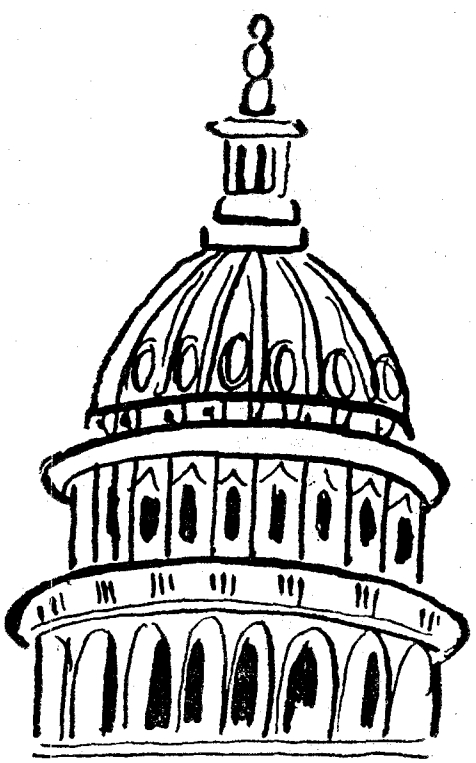
years of mystification. The written examination is emasculated.

The Department decides how many officers it needs each year. It has learned from experience that roughly one in five candidates will pass the orals. So, if the Department needs, say, 200 officers, it instructs the Educational Testing Service in Princeton, which both composes and grades the written examination, to pass 1,000. Come hell or high water, a thousand must pass. So, when the grading is completed, ETS raises the raw scores enough to pass that many applicants. In my time with the board it meant raising raw scores as much as thirty-five points. That is, a candidate receiving 35 on his written examination had his score doubled to reach the passing mark of 70.

While grading on the curve is an accepted device, the Department has let itself be blinded to the realities of what it is doing. If its oral examiners recommend, on personal traits, a candidate who in fact knows only half of what he is supposed to know, he obviously is far below par. Hence, if the Department truly wants an elite diplomatic corps, it must do something to prepare him better either before it commissions him—which I prefer—or immediately thereafter and before he begins service. This "diagnostic



approach" had a brief flurry of support as a result of my "discovery," but like all reforms in the State Department, it died young. Mr. Macomber had better do something about it.

Ninety per cent of Foreign Service officers need to be jolted from their anti-intellectual attitudes. All need to be reminded—continuously—that foreign affairs are difficult and complex, demanding intellectual and cultural preparation and capacity as much as common sense, politicial intuition and tact. These latter are important, but too often they operate so superficially as to frustrate our policies and deprive the nation of diplomatic leadership.

But it costs money to make officers come up to the mark. The Department has operated so long on a shoestring that reform will require a substantial increase in its pitiable appropriation. Will the President and his Bureau of the Budget support a raise? Will Messrs. Rogers, Richardson and Macomber take this bit in their teeth and place their requests for increased funds in the convincing perspective of national defense?

Mr. Macomber knows Congress and its ways, but the financial aspect of reform will take much more than that—not only from Macomber and his superiors but from the White House as well. Representative Rooney has entrenched himself in his position as chairman of the House Appropriations Committee's subcommittee on the State Department as a kind of Permanent Under Secretary of State—the position that Macomber says no administration wants. He has been serving a long, long time and has acquired familiarity with the diplomatic establishment, and an influence over its affairs, that few at the summit of the State Department can rival.

All these points are relevant to the various specific proposals made by Macomber. A five-category personnel system, for instance, poses real problems of integration which can be met only by an effective set of values and objectives and a rigorous educational and training program to push it forward. Personnel planning, therefore, must be more than numbers planning; it must involve systematic development. Crockett tried hard to introduce such a educational development, comparable to the systematic requirements of the military for officer development. Crockett tried hard to introduce such a program, and had he gained the support of his superiors he might have succeeded. Lacking the support, he failed.

The proposed Office of Welfare and Grievances can be kept alert to personal inequities and blockages as well as to organizational weaknesses only if there is an adequate basic philosophy and effective training. Otherwise this idealistic experiment will become simply an in-house smoothing of the pillows. And how will the reformers offset the erosive effect of rotation? Rotation decrees that each officer shall switch jobs every three or four years, a practice that has done more than any other single factor to kill the momentum of earlier reforms. It has meant that, after an initial shake-up, things have always tended to settle back into traditional, pedestrian routines.

Just who will put all this together? Not Secretary Rogers. If no other reason existed, he is too busy. Under Secretary Richardson? He is Rogers' alter ego, and must catch all the crises Rogers is too busy to handle, and substitute for him whenever he is out

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of Washington. Is Macomber the man? Or Cargo, director of Policy Planning and Coordination? Who is to mesh personnel development, improved conditions of service and organizational management into substantive requirements? Where, indeed, will Vietnam be subjected to searching scrutiny? In Macomber's office as a management resource problem? Or in Cargo's office as a substantive debacle?

My guess is, that if the hard thinking is to be done that such questions as Vietnam require, Messrs. Rogers, Richardson and Macomber—and perhaps some occupants of the White House—cannot airily dismiss the concept of a permanent top manager in the State Department. True enough, no administration has yet been willing to accept the concept, but a lot of private businesses have done so, and none of them, however large, imposing or internationally involved, has on its shoulders the enormous tasks and frightening risks that fall upon the State Department.

Mr. Macomber has already appointed thirteen task forces on such problems as "career management and assignment policies," "performance appraisal and promotion policies," "personnel requirements and resources," "personnel training," "personnel perquisites," "recruitment and employment," "stimulation of creativity," "the role of the country director," the Foreign Service Institute, the "role and functions of diplomatic missions," "management evaluations systems" and "management tools." He proposed in his speech that the Secretary of State should undertake "an annual posture statement," similar to the statements issued in recent years by the Secretary of Defense. Perhaps a task force on "national defense and survival: contributions and needs of the diplomatic establishment" would turn up matters to be included in the posture statement. Perhaps another should be appointed on the "rule of law through effective diplomacy." Anyway, thirteen is an unlucky number. If only to abate the long-continued hex on reform in the diplomatic establishment, the number should be increased by at least one, and I can think of no better study than how diplomacy can contribute more effectively to the nation's survival. □

RUSSIAN RECESSION

The Consumers and the Commissars

MARGARET MILLER
Miss Miller is the author of Communist Economy Under Change *(Andre Deutsch) and* Rise of the Russian Consumer *(Institute of Economic Affairs, London).*

According to the predictions, the Soviet Union should today be approaching affluence. For centuries the country's economic backwardness has been attributed to its lack of heavy industry. In the 1950s this handicap was at last overcome, and Russia emerged as a great industrial power, second only to the United States. But despite growing economic and political strength, the living standards of the mass of the Russian people have remained disastrously low. Recently, an American authority calculated that the USSR employed a labor force one and a half times as large as that in the United States, to achieve a standard of living only one-fifth of that enjoyed by Americans.

Since Stalin died in 1953, successive rulers have applied their minds to the dangerously dragging economy. A farmer himself, Khrushchev fastened on the crushing of initiative among Russia's farmers, brought on by the speed and ruthlessness of collectivization, and by the harsh demands made upon agriculture so that the needs of industry could be met. He gave the farmers higher prices for the produce they delivered to the government, and offered them lower prices for the industrial goods they used; he increased supplies of fertilizer and machinery, even extended to them the social insurance benefits hitherto reserved for industrial workers. When Brezhnev and Kosygin succeeded Khrushchev in 1964, they pressed ahead as strongly with the reform of the economic structure.

In industry, Stalin's policy of quantity at any cost was decisively rejected in favor of new (to the Soviets) concepts of quality, profits, salability, money incentives for managers and workers, payment of interest on capital and rent for land, realistic depreciation rates. A new charter for industrial enterprises gave plant managers much wider powers of decision and of allocating their manpower, while at the same time it presented supervisory bodies with the novel idea that they had duties as well as rights—particularly the duty of insuring that the enterprises under their control were not only given instructions but also the means to carry them out. Khrushchev's policy of taking less out of agriculture than he put in was continued, with ambitious schemes of land improvement and irrigation added for good measure. A guaranteed monthly wage freed the peasant from the injustice of being the residual claimant when his farm's output was distributed.

Nevertheless, at the end of 1969 and the beginning of 1970, a flood of official statistics and speeches revealed that the basic national difficulty was nowhere near solution. In his report to the Supreme Soviet in December, Mr. Baibakov, Russia's planning chief, offered a gloomy estimate of the economic situation. The capital allocated to agriculture had

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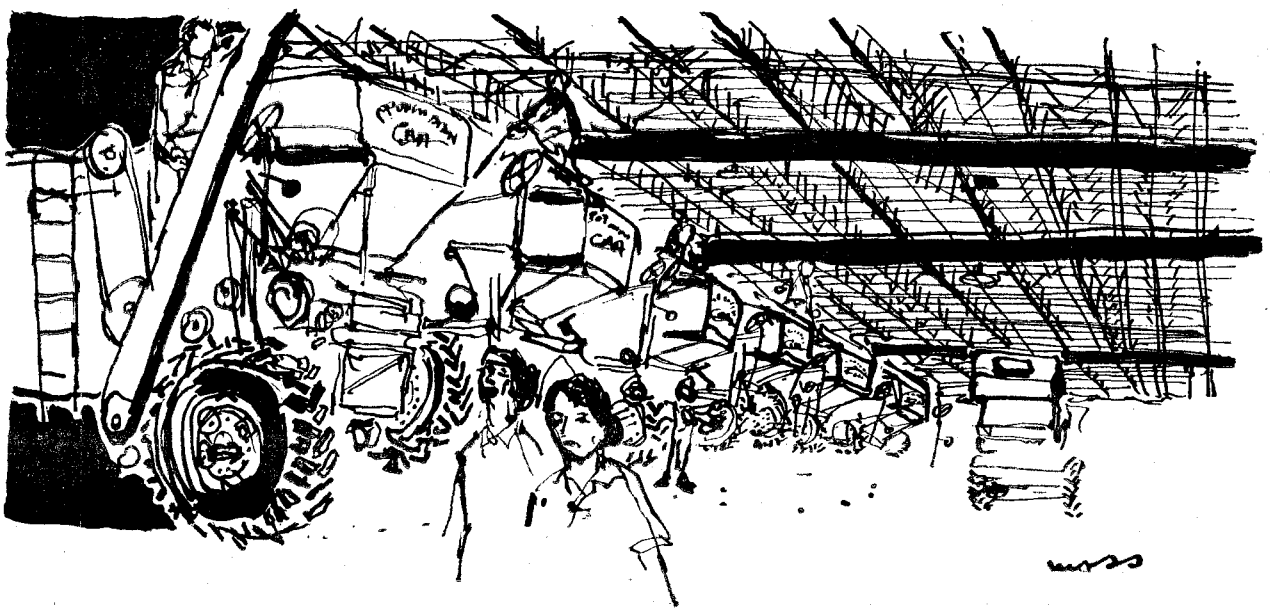
not been fully used, and the plan for agricultural production had not been fulfilled. As a result, there were food shortages, particularly of meat. This was familiar bad news, for agriculture has persistently failed to respond to the changed policies. Of much greater significance were deficiencies in the favored industrial sector. Disappointments were admitted in such vital areas as fuel, metalworking, chemicals, building materials. As in previous years, transport was under great strain and working badly. Even worse, the planned rates of growth were declining steadily, from 8.3 per cent in 1968, to 7.3 per cent in 1969, and to an expected 6.3 per cent in 1970. That is still a respectable figure by world standards, but an alarming decline in a country conditioned to believe that economic reforms would insure a steady annual acceleration.

As a preliminary to assessing the present economic situation it is useful to list the obvious impediments to reform. "Bureaucratic resistance" is the usual reason advanced in the West, and it is a truism that Stalinist economic policies, based on force and fear, could be carried out only by an immense increase in the number of government officials. Pierre Sorlin, a French sociologist, has calculated that, according to the 1939 census, Russia had "an ocean of civil servants and other officials" numbering around 7 million persons. By the time of the 1959 census, what he calls "upper-level industrial staff"—engineers, technicians, research workers—had grown along with the growth of Russia's industrial machine, but the bureaucracy, despite successive attempts to prune it, had more than held its own. Its members had become a powerful, self-perpetuating elite, who could hardly be expected to welcome changes that threatened their authority or even their jobs. They were sustained in this obduracy by official adherence to the principle of "democratic centralism," i.e., the preservation of centralized state control over the economy, with an increased degree of autonomy at local level. Centralism cannot be insured without an army of state inspectors and controllers, and local autonomy has proved more a slogan than a fact.

Another obstacle is the vastly increased complexity of administration when industry is in a stage of rapid growth and still more rapid technological advance. Vital to the economic reforms is improved industrial management, able to deploy the resources at its command flexibly and effectively; and that presupposes a degree of computerization sufficient to supply managers with a steady flow of accurate and suitably processed information. Russia cannot supply all the necessary computer equipment it needs, and depends on imports from advanced industrial countries like Britain and the United States. These have been insufficient, judging by the communications that Soviet economic journals publish from managers who have been trying in vain to run large-scale factories on the basis of inadequate data, received too late, and in too "raw" a form to let them break away from pre-reform troubles. A more subtle impediment is the unspoken reluctance, in political as well as bureaucratic circles, to turn decision making over to the impersonal intricacies of machinery or mathematical reasoning, however great may be the dividends in efficiency.

And a final impediment is the fundamental, by now familiar, change in the nature of consumer demand in Russia. The millions of illiterate peasants who formed the bulk of the original industrial labor force had few and modest expectations. The general advance in education, the proliferation of highly trained specialists, the appearance of a whole new range of consumer goods, have utterly changed the situation. Along with this has come a steady increase in average wages, bolstered by the much more widespread use of bonuses and other forms of material incentive, which is an integral part of the reforms.



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The Russians are traditionally non-savers, except for the acquisition of some desired possession, and the characteristic has been fortified by more than half a century of assurances of full employment, and a comprehensive system of social insurance. The resulting consumer pressures are of a severity that must make the government pace the Kremlin. Either it does something to meet present-day demands for high-fashion clothing, a wide range of good quality foodstuffs, durables like refrigerators, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, television sets, private cars—above all, improved housing—or the much talked of "material stimulus" as an aid to productivity will run into the sands. But the production of consumer goods does not keep pace, and servicing, repairs, maintenance and a host of other needs must be provided before the modern buyer gets the degree of consumer satisfaction that will persuade him to contribute his best effort in his job. The present level of such satisfaction is far too low, especially among the less well-paid industrial workers, and in rural areas.

The Soviet people have suffered so much austerity, and have heard so many promises of a better life, that the government must certainly want to keep its word, if for no other reason than to prevent domestic unrest. Unfortunately, it is trying to do so under conditions of international tension—the Chinese threat, the invasion of Czechoslovakia, neither of which was foreseen four or five years ago, and both of which keep defense costs high and compete for the limited resources.

In recent years the government has attacked with determination the disproportions, distortions, structural defects, wrong attitudes of mind, which retard the economy, and which are the direct result of the unwise speed and force, the ideological aberrations, which characterized the first two and a half decades of industrialization.

Scientific research and the building trades were early targets. It had long been recognized that innovation was lagging and that industrial obsolescence was a growing problem, because depreciation had been neglected and because too long a time gap was allowed to fall between the completion of a research project and its practical application. Decrees intended to overcome this latter problem were passed in the autumn of 1968. The remedies outlined were drastic. Research institutes, allied design and teaching bodies, and their parent ministries and departments, were given detailed lists of subjects that bear directly on industrial productivity—mechanization, automation, computerization, quality control and many others. These were to be included in their projects, and a rigorous check made every three years to determine how the assigned tasks were being carried out. Good work would be rewarded and failure penalized, even to the extent of dismissing individual specialists, or closing down institutes whose record of performance fell below standard. A structural shake-up over the whole field of research aimed at eliminating small and ineffective bodies and consolidating others. Salaries for specialists working in industry were to be brought up to the level of those paid to men with similar qualifications engaged in research institutes. Time limits were set for the completion of all these changes.

Such decrees undoubtedly show a determination to overcome any "ivory tower" mentality in research, but leave two questions unanswered: whether, when research so advises, industrial managers will be willing to take the time necessary to retool, and thus risk jeopardizing the plan fulfillment that is still the indicator by which success or failure is judged; and whether the restrictions on pure research, which seem to be implied, may not in time prove counterproductive.

In the summer of 1969 the spotlight was turned on Russia's building trades, where unsatisfactory procedures had from the start of the reform period been a basic obstacle to industrial progress. A series of decrees dealt with the building industry as a whole, and with two of its subdivisions, house building and design and estimating. There was a shortage of qualified workers and labor turnover was high. These were to be met by expanded training schemes, a more rational pay structure, a higher average wage, and extra allowances along with improved living conditions for workers in such distant areas as the far north and Siberia. The investigation of methods revealed extraordinary irrationalities. Plans for large and costly building projects had been "reconsidered" every year and as a result costs had spiraled and time schedules were disrupted. Anomalies in the system of financing had resulted in expensive delays caused by temporary shortages of funds. Failure to deliver materials and equipment to building sites at the agreed time had brought further delay and further waste of money. Planning was overhauled to eliminate these glaring defects at the earliest possible moment, and also to insure that buyers of the end product as well as the builders themselves were consulted at every stage.

It is highly probable that almost the whole of Soviet industry stands in need of the thorough house cleaning thus far applied to research and building. Such a procedure takes time, and cannot give immediate relief. The foregoing review, meanwhile, makes it possible to speculate with some assurance, and in advance of the expected meeting of the Party Congress in the spring of 1970, on what lies behind the present unfavorable trends in industry, and what the Soviet authorities may do to reverse them.

The trends certainly cannot be brushed off as a temporary setback caused by the exceptionally adverse weather of 1969. The persistence for years past of problems raised yet again in recent top-level pronouncements, and the note of urgency, if not of alarm, to be heard in these pronouncements indicate at best an economic recession, if not—as yet—an old-

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fashioned, capitalist-style slump. The remedies so far administered in the decrees described above introduce a welcome element of rationality into economic processes, although they also reflect the old "carrot and stick" mentality: higher wages, better living conditions, but also more official control and inspection. This will do nothing to reduce the weight of bureaucracy, and it is doubtful that authoritarian methods which achieved results several decades ago can be fully efficacious in the totally different conditions of the 1970s.

What may be a significant pointer to future official thinking emerged in a Brezhnev speech, published by *Pravda* in the middle of January. He gave the element of trust unprecedented prominence, reproaching the industrial ministries because they did not trust the enterprises under their control. The policy of the party, he said (with the implication that it was not being observed at all levels) was to create an atmosphere of trust in economic life, to release the creative initiative of the Russian people, and to encourage them to make full use of their industrial and managerial skills. Such an interpretation of party policy can be accepted only with reservations, since it is widely known that Soviet society is riddled with suspicion from top to bottom. The losses thus inflicted on economic activity are as obvious as they are serious, but it is difficult to believe that they can be diminished soon enough to check the present recession. After all, they arise not only from the events of the past fifty years but from the centuries-old Russian fear that personal freedom carries the danger of chaos and is a threat to national existence.

The Brezhnev speech seems to indicate an awareness at the apex of political power that this age-old problem must at last be faced, even at the hitherto unthinkable cost of some relaxation of authoritarian central control. "Democratic centralism" may come under serious re-examination. Up to now, relaxation of central controls over prices has been strongly resisted; calls by industrialists for some degree of competition among firms supplying them with essential equipment have been ignored; supervisory bodies have continued to give orders to their subordinate organizations as if the 1965 charter had never been placed on the statute book. For these and similar reasons, Mr. Baibakov's latest claim that 83 per cent of total industrial production is now coming from firms that are working on the new system, cannot be taken too seriously.

Such changes as may be decided upon by Soviet leaders in the near future will have to be radical if they are to restore economic equilibrium within the time probably available. If they do succeed, the Russian people will gain a much more generous share in the wealth they create with their labor. That is a benefit which would be shared by the West as well, for the resulting relaxation of tensions within the USSR could not fail to encourage "peaceful coexistence" between the two opposing systems. □

BEARDS AND BRAWN

THE DISSIDENT VARSITY

STEVE MURDOCK
Mr. Murdock, who formerly wrote on sports for a Wyoming newspaper, now edits the publication issued by Local 1199 Drug & Hospital Employees Union in New York.

Not long ago a basketball coach in a small town in Wyoming was drilling his charges in moving the ball down the court, when one of the players zigged at a point where he should have zagged. When the coach berated him, the player said lamely, "I thought . . ."

"That's your trouble," barked the coach. "When you think, you're in trouble."

In an era when even Wyoming youth are letting their hair grow long and when all of the opposing teams have longer hair, this coach requires his players to have their hair cut in a style more Prussian than crew. He is an authoritarian among authoritarians, and thus far this season two seniors and a junior have quit the squad in protest against his methods. In another Wyoming community, Sheridan, seven football players quit the team at the start of the season in protest against the coach's notions of proper discipline. Such occurrences are by no means peculiar to Wyoming. In fact, their emergence there is proof that the phenomenon is nationwide.

While the authoritarian attitudes of coaches, coupled with racism, have played a major role in the revolts of black athletes, the uprising against the dictators of gridiron, court and running track goes far beyond the black revolt. Some of it began before there was a black revolt. However, white athletes who are challenging the system can be grateful to black athletes for helping to bring the problem into focus. By revolting against the special oppressions and exploitation visited upon them, they opened the whole subject to public view.

Sports Illustrated ran a series in 1968 on the black revolt (July 1 *et seq.*) and followed it with a three-part series on the revolt against authoritarianism. (August 25, 1969, *et seq.*)

Where the original series, "The Cruel Deception," was sympathetic to the plight of the black athlete,

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the second series, "The Desperate Coach," explored the present miseries of the coach in such depth that it never got around to some of the prime movers on the revolt side. Most notably, the series didn't get around to a 27-year-old Berkeley graduate student and magazine writer named Jack Scott. Scott, a former track athlete who had more than his share of run-ins with coaches, has become the dominant spokesman for the resistance to authoritarianism. He has even written a book about it—a self-publicized work entitled, *Athletics for Athletes.*

In some coaching circles the very mention of Scott's name provokes table-pounding rage. Some go even further. "One famous coach," says Scott, "attempted to physically assault me and later sent some goons from his college's football team after me."

Scott, who covered for *Ramparts* the blacks' Olympic boycott movements, and the Olympic Games in Mexico City, is also something of a historian on the broader revolt in sports, which he relates quite logically to campus revolts in general. And in fact, after being ignored by such examinations of the problem as the *Sports Illustrated* series, Scott himself has suddenly arrived upon the academic scene at Berkeley. In mid-January he emerged as the teacher of a three-unit experimental course at the University of California, known as Education 191-D. Its title is "Intercollegiate Athletics and Education: A Socio-Psychological Evaluation." All at once San Francisco newspapers were filled with pictures of Scott. A national television network sent a crew to interview him. His book began to be reviewed, six months after it came out. The course was jammed with 400 students, including the captains of the football and basketball teams. At the end of the first session—the first class ever taught by Scott—the students gave him a standing ovation.

Scott is a balding, blond young man who lets his remaining hair grow somewhat long and who wears a wispy mustache. He still likes to run for exercise and has a philosophy about running. Alan Sillitoe's *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner* is required reading for the course. There was some flap about his teaching the course until it was established he is an intern—an unsalaried "teaching colleague"—working for his Ph.D. as holder of the Charles Atwood Kofoid Eugenics Scholarship at Cal.

Dave Burgen, executive sports editor of the *San Francisco Examiner,* wrote that Scott "is blowing the minds of athletic directors and coaches all over the country, making fools of them, but otherwise asking very serious questions about the commercialized, prejudicial and monolithic structure of college athletics."

A typical Scott formulation reads as follows: "Interscholastic and intercollegiate athletics is a microcosm of the whole of American education, and the problems that exist in athletics reflect the malaise that afflicts all of education. . . . Sport serves our educational bureaucracies, and serves them well—perhaps better than any other single activity sponsored by the schools and colleges. Consequently, there is little hope for the development of sport programs where the emphasis will be on athletics for athletes until there is also a concomitant emphasis on education for students within the total education structure."

Few coaches so far have indicated the willingness—or the preparation—to debate the problem at this level. Most of them tend to fume. But there is no doubt that the coaching profession is *aware* of the problem. In fact, the coaching fraternity is almost paranoid on the subject. A Wyoming coach handling kids at the junior high school level remarked apprehensively the other day that he was detecting signs of anti-authoritarianism as early as the 8th grade. The "I quit" era is what some of the coaches call it.

Hank Iba, who coaches the Oklahoma State basketball team and the U.S. Olympic team, says: "We are facing the greatest crisis in sports history." Youth has moved against one of the last bastions of the old establishment—the subsidized, regimented and highly commercialized world of supposedly amateur athletics—and the day may have passed when crew-cut football players can be relied upon as a task force for assaulting campus radicals.

Anyone who these days attends an indoor track meet in New York's Madison Square Garden must note the number of bouncing long locks and wide-diameter naturals moving around the running track. There even are beards. In fact, the long-hairs seem to outnumber the short-hairs in track today. The authoritarian coach who insists on crew cuts, no beards, no mustaches and carefully calibrates the permissible length of sideburns, appears to have lost the war. And of course it is not just a matter of personal preferences in hair styling—hair, in sports as elsewhere, has become the symbol of revolt.

Scott, in fact, uses a hair incident as a point of departure for the whole revolt aganst authoritarianism in coaching. It is the Pat Morrison case. Quite a while before long hair became a big thing in the United States, Morrison, a young British sprinter, entered Stanford University. He wore his hair in the Beatle fashion, and though he was a good sprinter, the newspapers seemed to be more interested in his appearance than in his speed. This so upset Stanford track coach Payton Jordan that just before the annual meet against California, he handed Morrison an ultimatum: Cut your hair or you don't run. Morrison refused. Jordan kicked him off the team and invalidated the freshman records he had set.

Jordan maintained that Morrison's hair, which undoubtedly would have been featured in pictures of the meet, endangered team morale. "He made this claim," says Scott, "despite the fact that all of Morrison's teammates, with one exception, signed a

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petition requesting that he be allowed to stay on the team."

Scott, who once ran for Jordan, says he rather typifies the authoritarian coach. Of the breed in general Scott says, "Psychologists who have done extensive psychological testing on college coaches found them to be one of the most authoritarian groups in American society; they often outscore policemen and even career military officers on measures of authoritarianism. . . . The personality make-up of most coaches would make them excellent salesmen, career military officers, Oakland policemen, bartenders—most anything except teachers of young men."

Scott, whose eagerness to kick the shins of the coaching fraternity sometimes leads him into vulnerable generalizations, has observed that "It is difficult to find coaches who are decent human beings for the same reason it is difficult to find politicians who are." The desire to win, he thinks, has rendered both coaches and politicians incapable of responding to those human sensibilities upon which, in his view, the fate of mankind depends.

However, he does have a very small list of exceptions—track coaches with whom he has had contact and whom he considers decent human beings. On that list are Forrest Jamieson, at Palo Alto High; Brutus Hamilton, retired track coach at the University of California; Ted Hayden of the University of Chicago Track Club and Bill McCurdy of Harvard.

It's an American list. If it went beyond the borders, Scott doubtless would include Percy Cerutty, the voluble Australian whose most notable product was the great miler, Herb Elliott. Cerruty once said, "What these 'authoritative' coaches, these 'do-this-and-that' teachers, these schedule addicts, are responsible for in destroying the natural joys and responses in the young athlete can never be truly known. But it must result in the loss of thousands annually in any country of reasonable size and population."

Now those lost thousands are finding their champions. Even the concept that winning is the all-important goal is being challenged. Scott says: "The narrow, limited behavior of the coaches and alumni who control sport in America inhibits them from seeing more meaning in an athletic contest than . . . the fact that their team beat the hell out of some opponent." Scott, who has developed his case more carefully, perhaps, than any other sports revolutionary, elaborates:

> Sport can be a meaningful, joyous activity in and of itself, and on that basis alone it warrants inclusion in the curriculum of our high schools and colleges. . . . There is no such thing as a value-free social science department—even Ronald Reagan knows that—and neither can there be a value-free athletic department. Athletics, like the social sciences, can be used for man or against man. Sadly, to date, the main trend in both organized athletics and the social sciences has been the manipulation rather than the liberation of man.

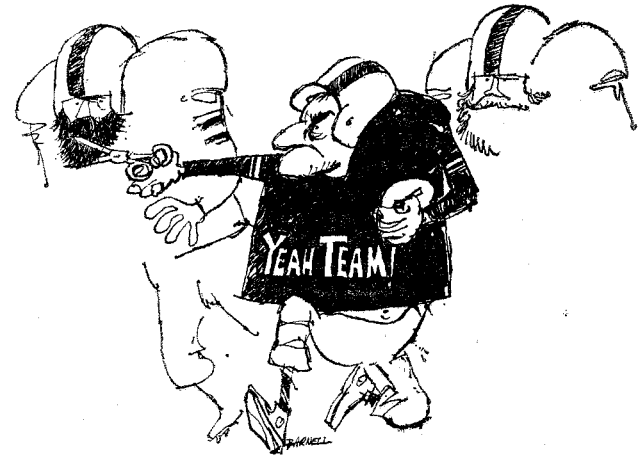
Scott's heresies, including his questioning of the rewards of winning, gained him the support of Herbert Kohl, a young consultant in the Berkeley school department. Kohl urged Scott to write his book and contributed a foreword.

"If," wrote Kohl, "school were fun for students, then maybe they would begin to develop the dangerous notion that, work, too, ought to be fun, and that competition and acquisition can become peripheral rather than central to adult life."

Kohl went on to decry physical education as "one of the most rigid and structured and joyless subjects in school." He declared, "Young people who love to play hate gym."

He added, "These days young people are questioning the value of competing and the significance of the rewards of winning, whether it be an academic or athletic contest. Therefore, it is no surprise that a revolt of young athletes, no longer willing to put up with arbitrary and authoritarian coaches, or the whims of institutions that use their bodies, is developing."

Kohl contends that the revolt on the playing field is as significant as other campus revolts, although not as well publicized. There seem to be two reasons for this oversight. One is that the revolt of the black athlete—more dramatic and easier to discern than the general restiveness—has obscured issues that extend beyond the racial aspects of the problem. The second is—in Kohl's opinion—that few writers want to deal with a subject as heretical as an attack on the ideals of the playing field. It "would bruise the dreams of too many tired Americans to see politics and revolt invade their precious, neutral sports



pages. Yet, even the sports pages are not immune. The classroom is the society in miniature and so is the athletic field."

Some coaches have been candid enough to advance a variation of this reasoning as justification for attempting to hold the line on haircuts and beards. Berny Wagner, the young track coach at Oregon State University, puts it quite candidly: "Athletics at most universities are largely paid for and

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supported by donations from alumni and other interested private parties. The coach must be aware of where the money is coming from and must have a responsibility to the people who are financing the facilities, equipment, travel, athletic financial aid to students, etc. . . ."

Wagner, who appears to be less authoritarian than some of his colleagues, concedes that, "Perhaps the time will come when alumni of another era will find it difficult to support athletes with skinned heads or crew cuts."

Thus he admits what many coaches will not—the possibility of change.

Or the depth of the change. John Dobroth, a star high jumper and now a law student at UCLA, says, "Professors and coaches are paid to teach, not insult. . . . If a 'soft' or insecure boy is intimidated by a strong-willed (sun-tanned, button-down) coach, he will feel guilt for not coming up to this strong figure's conception of an athlete and man. If the boy is perceptive he recognizes the absurdity of a system in which a man who is there to offer help and resources acts as an omniscient being."

When the athletes start questioning the omniscience of coaches, the profession has cause for concern. Dobroth asks a question calculated to send most coaches into advanced apoplexy: "In what part of a young man's life is he free to fail?" He continues: "Are we sure we know the way for people to live, compete and dress? If we are, let's not pretend we believe in freedom or dissent."

Art Rosenbaum of the *San Francisco Chronicle* speculated in a recent column: "Who knows? One day the coach will return to his original role—that of teaching. Today's radicals may get him back in his open-field classroom without the necessity of recruiting, proselytizing or subsidizing. He won't have to break promises because he won't be forced to make any. His job will not depend on winning or losing, but rather on imparting and collecting information."

Obviously, the Scotts, the Pat Morrisons and the kids from Sheridan, Wyo., who choose not to turn out for football will not topple overnight the multimillion-dollar structure of intercollegiate athletics. The athletic scholarship with its implications of serfdom will not quickly disappear. But it is important to note there is a revolt, and that the football coach who goes along the line kicking laggard linemen in the rump is finding his position increasingly precarious. The coaches haven't been able to hold the hair and sideburn line; in the long run, they may not be able to hold the authoritarian line either. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 290)*

detail here, but there were three specific points I would like to clarify.

The Church was founded in 1952 in Washington, D.C. as a culmination of more than twenty years of research into the field of the human spirit. It has, since that time, grown to an international organization of some 16 million members, worldwide, with 5 million of those members in the United States.

In addition to the regularly scheduled services, the Church also provides extensive personal spiritual counseling and seminary training for those who would enter the ministry, training in the Church's special pastoral counseling technology.

Mr. Bess goes into the attacks made on the Church by Kenneth Robinson, one-time Minister of Health of Great Britain, but leaves out a couple of very important points.

The first of these omissions was the fact that Robinson failed, upon Parliamentary demand, to produce a single piece of evidence to substantiate his charges. Second, Bess failed to note that prior to his appointment as Minister of Health, Robinson had been vice president of the British National Association for Mental Health, one of the mental health "charities" the Church had been publicly investigating. One of Robinson's first acts on being appointed was to increase the government subsidy to the National Association for Mental Health by $60,000 per year (double the previous grant), and he followed this up with his attack on the Church. Further, Bess failed to note that Robinson, shortly following his embarrassing failure to substantiate his attack on a minority religion, was transferred to a minor government post and, shortly thereafter, was totally dismissed from government service.

Church activities also include community improvement projects such as the multiple Drug Abuse Counseling Programs currently being pursued with a phenomenal 75 per cent success rate, and the extensive campaign the Church has been leading for long overdue reform in the field of mental health.

The aims of the Church are clearly stated: "A civilization without insanity, without criminals and without war, where the able can prosper and honest beings can have rights, and where man is free to rise to greater heights, are the aims of Scientology . . . nonpolitical in nature, Scientology welcomes any individual of any creed, race or nation. We seek no revolution. We seek only evolution to higher states of being for the individual and society. We respect man and believe he is worthy of help. We respect you, too, and believe you, too, can help."

Rev. Gordon Mustain
Minister of Public Relations
U.S. Churches of Scientology

new voice

New York City

Dear Sirs: Miss Nancy Goldner's ballet criticism is indeed a refreshing and welcome addition to your publication.

Martin Fleer

correction

In an editorial in last week's issue, "The Violence Trap," we inadvertently said of the brothers Raymond and Alton Wayne Roberts that both had been involved in federal civil rights cases. This statement was in error. Only Alton Wayne Roberts has been so involved. We regret the error.

The Editors

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'All My Stories Are True'

A BEGGAR IN JERUSALEM. *By Elie Wiesel. Translated from the French by the author and Lily Edelman. Random House. 224 pp. $5.95.*

DAN ISAAC
Mr. Isaac, a Reform rabbi, teaches English at Manhattanville College. He has written widely about drama and is working on a study of Tennessee Williams.

About five or six years ago, I heard Rabbi Zalman Schachter tell a story one night at the University of Chicago. Briefly: the entire world exists as a dream in the mind of God. To wake God from His dream would be to destroy the world. So, if one would pray, one must fashion words and phrases that will enter God's dream without waking the Dreamer.

Elie Wiesel's new novel, *A Beggar in Jerusalem*, is such a prayer, an angry message to God, filled with both insane rage and stoical acceptance; calculated to stir God's wrath, but careful not to trigger an apocalypse. It is man's dream seeking God's dream:

> I am the eye that looks at the eye that is looking. I shall look so hard that I shall be blinded. Then I shall sing. I shall sing with such force that I shall go mad. Then I shall dream.

In the concentration camps, Elie Wiesel saw God's face and lived. The terrible burden of his subsequent deliverance has fed all of his writing, starting with the very first autobiographical document describing the death camps, *Night*. In this new work, quite different from his earlier *roman vérité*, the distinction between fact and fiction no longer makes any difference:

> "Let me tell you a story."
> "Is it true, at least?"
> "All my stories are true."

A Beggar in Jerusalem transcends the novelistic form it uses. For this very strange and in many ways difficult book belongs to the older, more reverent tradition of wisdom literature and revelation. An amazing fusion of forms, the novel is partly rooted in Jewish folk myth: stories that hint at divine secrets and carefully guarded truths. At the same time, its style and structural conception place it among the contemporary French mode of existential surrealism. Wiesel's novel reminds one of both Beckett and the Baal-Shem-Tov, Robbe-Grillet and Rashi, Resnais and Sabbatai Zvi. Creating a point of view that fractures an event by looking at it obsessively and much too carefully, the French *nouvelle vague* in both novel and film works to achieve a new sense of causality. But for Wiesel, this causality that questions the myth of Western rationalism is very old: "Our sovereign kingdom is beyond the realm of logic." An even more important distinction, separating him from his French contemporaries: Wiesel writes for the sake of heaven.

Having personally witnessed and endured Auschwitz and Buchenwald, this former Yeshiva student who grew up in Transylvania uses the fictive form to construct a world where the God of Israel is still a prime operative force. But to do so after the European holocaust, after the martyrdom of millions, is of necessity to write a book that strains toward Jobian questions:

> How does God justify Himself in His own eyes, let alone ours? If the real and the imaginary both culminate in the same scream, in the same laugh, what is creation's purpose, what is at stake?

These words are flung in the face of the central character when he returns to the town of his childhood in Eastern Europe after the war—looking for survivors, but really looking for himself and his foreshortened youth—to discover that the only three Jews left are in the local insane asylum.

One important section of Wiesel's book is nothing more than a collection of tales told by idiots and ecstatic beggars who cling with an insane fervor to the Wailing Wall of the Old City in Jerusalem. The only authentic teachers left to continue the Jewish tradition, these beggars and madmen become a comedic chorus making mysterious jokes at the expense of God.

Insanity is the central metaphor of *A Beggar in Jerusalem*: a divine confusion protecting the survivors of the European holocaust from the horror of their own personal history. Even the mind of the narrator is a splintered mirror, the fragments reflecting images that overlap and suddenly leap into lightning-forked patterns that look like nerves, only to turn into discontinuous lines that lead nowhere. Referring to himself in the third person in the introductory pages, the narrator—who thinks his name is David but is not altogether sure—issues an apology that prepares us for the eccentricities of style and story that will follow:

> Perhaps then this is the moment to warn you: if he seems strange it is because he is possessed by a strange memory, which holds pictures and words, all kinds of pictures, all kinds of words, even those belonging to others. He remembers events but not when they happened, nor to whom. He thinks he was there when and where they occurred: he thinks all tales began with him. As for the war, he knows it's all over, but he doesn't know which war.

For the story is about *two* wars: World War II, the dark denial of God's ancient promise to his people; and the Arab-Israeli Six Day War of 1967, an affirmation of prophetic dreams.

The plot of *A Beggar in Jerusalem* is the occasion for the telling of many other stories. At the outbreak of the Six Day War, the narrator joins a crack troop of Israeli soldiers at the front. Present in their midst only as an observer, it is here that he meets his counter self and secret sharer, Katriel. Feeling a strange affinity for this shy and withdrawn son of a Chassidic rabbi who has been commanded by his father to forsake his studies and fight for Israel, David makes a deal—indeed, a covenant—with Katriel: the one who survives will bear witness for the other. Insisting on this arrangement because he has premonitions of his own death, it is ironically David who survives the war and is now duty bound to chronicle the disappearance of Katriel.

Katriel's disappearance has its own mysteries, for it occurs just after the wildly euphoric rush to the top of the Temple Mount in the Old City of Jerusalem, a location where soldiers are not likely to be missing in action. In the opening pages, David tells us what there is to know regarding this matter:

> For weeks they looked for him in field hospitals and among the fallen. In vain. He was not taken prisoner, nor was he wandering around in towns deserted by man. Finally the search was abandoned, it had to be. Some day his case will be reopened. People will ask in astonishment: "Still no trace of Katriel?" I shall answer: "His trace? I am his trace."

At the Wailing Wall David sees Katriel for the last time. Greatly altered in his entire nature after having killed

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men in combat, a Katriel filled with rage and guilt instructs David to tell his pious rabbi-father: "In order to get here this morning, we all had to tear our clothes."

A witness to Katriel's last words and deed, David aspires to serve as his substitute as well. Returning from the war, he becomes an anguished lover of Katriel's wife, secretly certain that Katriel's soul is inside him. And it is just this sense of a double obligation—not simply to serve as a witness who honors the dead but to take their place—that generates David's specially styled and structured insanity.

It is an insanity that has been sanctified for centuries by Jewish tradition. The remembered words of rabbis echo in David's head like the holy thunder of revelation at Mount Sinai. Two experiences in particular become the spinal marrow of his manhood. Visiting a Chassidic rabbi with his mother, the timid little boy was told at their departure:

> You're young and you'll grow up. I promise you that. You'll see things neither I nor your mother can imagine. That too I promise you. Know therefore we shall see them through your eyes.

And when the Nazis took the Jews of David's town to a clearing in the woods and commanded them to dig their own graves, the rabbi of the community delivered his last sermon:

> Should one of us escape, I want him to look, listen, and remember. I rely on him more than on the patriarchs, because he will have the courage to go further than they. I want him to become a vessel of truth, a carrier of eternity and fire.

Having survived where so many perished, David can do no other than be their witness. It is his holy task. Death has defined his life.

The point on which everything turns in *A Beggar in Jerusalem* is a story that Katriel tells David sitting in the army camp late at night. A man gets twisted in his travels and returns to his home thinking it to be the unfamiliar city of his destination. Finding everything curiously similar to his home city, he discovers a street like his, with a house like his that contains a woman who looks like his wife, and children identical to his own. When the mother and children insist that he stay, he imagines that he must have a double. He has been mistaken for the *real* master of the house. Believing himself to be perpetrating a fantastic deception, he agrees to stay—and spends the rest of his life convinced that he is a stranger who has assumed another man's identity and position.

David, hearing this story, becomes enraged and demands of Katriel that he *complete* it. Katriel only smiles and repeats the last line. Intensely angry, David lashes out at Katriel: "I dislike your main character. He lies. As a result, he makes you lie." Only later does David discover the true source of his anger. Recalling how an old beggar came to the synagogue and warned him as a child that he would die if someone told him the tale of his own life, David suddenly realizes that Katriel's parable is a mythic rendering of the sum of his experience.

> I thought I was living my own life, I was only inventing it. I thought I had escaped the ghosts, I was only extending their power.

This discovery comes with multiple implications. With regard to David's past, it suggests that he had been extending his fictive imagination into the immediate sensible world around him, living out a fantasized construct rather than responding existentially to what the particular terms of time and place had to offer. With regard to the future, David is convinced that his death is imminent. It is for this reason that he makes the deal with Katriel. He is asking Katriel—as others earlier asked of David—to be both witness to his death and responsible for telling the story of his life. In the grammar of David's poetics—and the author's as well—the truly holy man cannot help but make the right aesthetic choices in the rendering of a tale

A great work, this book of recollection is a holy act: the fulfilling of a uniquely felt religious commandment. □

Massmags and Microcult

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST TREASURY. *Edited by Roger Butterfield and the editors of* The Saturday Evening Post. *Simon & Schuster. 544 pp. $10.*

THE LIBERTY YEARS: 1924-1950. *Edited and with commentary by Allen Churchill. Prentice-Hall. 427 pp. $15.95.*

GIVE ME LIBERTY. *Introduction by Richard Armour. World Publishing. 230 pp. $12.50.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

Like the magazines they purport to represent, these anthologies promise more than they deliver. Richard Armour says—in his introduction to a volume made up largely of advertisements—*Give Me Liberty* shows us what life was "like in America during three decades now rapidly retreating from yesterday to history." *The Post Treasury*—a reissue of the 1954 anthology, "planned at a time when the magazine was at its peak of importance and influence," republished at a time when the magazine, like *Liberty*, is long gone—tells us we are perusing "a permanent part of the literature of our times."

It is not hard to see behind the overreach of these claims. Even Armour admits that "by remembering what we wish to remember, we shape the past into what we think it should have been." Anyone seriously interested in understanding the American mind through the chancy technique of examining mass magazines would get more data (and have more fun) by spending some time in the library stacks turning the pages of the bound volumes of *Liberty* and *Post*. Anyone concerned with the "literature" of our times could find more likely places to look for it. These anthologies, then, are open exercises in commercialized nostalgia, gatherings of middle-class and mid-cult camp.

The orderly *form* of these anthologies—ads here, "literature" here, cover reproductions there—seems most distortive of my memory of *Liberty* and *Post*. As I remember, they were attractive because they were glittering fragments, dazzling distractions, collages of color and corn, impossible to leave lying on a barbershop or drugstore rack, impossible to read seriously. They were a kind of small-town, middle-brow tripping in which the larger world—movie stars, gangsters, Nazis—flashed before your eyes in clashing colors and jump-cuts. You were worked over from different angles on every page: splashy ads, stories, jokes, contests, cartoons, tongue twisters, bright sayings of children, whatever.

Often I couldn't read a story straight through in these magazines because I used to stumble across those distractions as I tried to skip from page 11 to where it was continued on page 56. Consequently, I gave up coherence, simply read the magazines from cover to cover, moving from ad to opening paragraphs of a sporting hero's profile, to contest, to jokes, dangling loose ends until they began to tie together at the back of the magazines. No wonder many of us who grew up thinking that these magazines *did* represent the world have been prepared to accept the fragmentations of *Last Year at Marienbad*, TV and the 1960s. So in their neat segregation and categorization of departments, these anthologies artificialize and oversimplify

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the visions of a fragmented world which *Liberty* and *Post* had dangled before our eyes.

Of course, the vision of fragmentation was only *formal*. The content of these magazines flaunted middle-class values of normalcy, order and rationality. It is exaggerated to say, as we are told, that "for more than half a century the *Post*'s cover has been a mirror held up to American life," but it is accurate to say that those covers, along with those of *Liberty*, as well as the contents of both, have mirrored the way middle-class, middle-brow America wished to conceive of itself and the country in which it lived.

The *Post* was more high-church toned in its worship of The American Way of Life. Even its frequently excellent fiction blended in with its veneration for the American verities and its Republican bias (The *Post* supported Teddy Roosevelt, Hoover and Eisenhower). F. Scott Fitzgerald's beautiful "Babylon Revisited"—about Charlie who became so dissipated that he locked his wife out in the snow; she died and he lost his child to her sister—takes a few shots at those who live within middle-class limits: the sister and her husband "were not dull people, but they were very much in the grip of life and circumstances, and their gestures as they turned in a cramped space lacked largeness and grace." But, finally, the point of the story turns against those who transcend the given, those who break the rules. Charlie can't get his daughter back, holds himself and his life style responsible: "Men who locked their wives out in the snow, because the snow of twenty-nine wasn't real snow. If you didn't want it to be snow, you just paid some money."

Beside such writers as Crane, Wharton, Faulkner, Wolfe, Stein and Fitzgerald, American values pour undiluted. Bernard Baruch, in "A Few Kind Words For Uncle Sam," says "We fight not to implant ourselves on foreign shores, but to come home." Ogden Nash poeticizes (in a recently revived statement) that "Winning Is More Fun Than Losing." The values shared by the *Post* and its readers can best be seen in those series which drew its greatest circulation: Whittaker Chambers' *I Was the Witness*, Bing Crosby's *Call Me Lucky* and Charles Lindbergh's *The Spirit of St. Louis*.

Despite the absence of as many fine writers, *Liberty* seems, in these anthologies, more fun—gaudier, shoddier, cornier—more of what Americans go to mass magazines for: vicarious high life and low life rounded off by reinforcement of their own values. As Walter Winchell wrote of the doctor who delivered the Dionne quints (in a calculatedly disarmingly titled article, "Quintuplets? Shucks!"), "If Doc Dafoe is a hick, that is the term to describe a man who enjoys and deserves the admiration and affection of everybody who has met him."

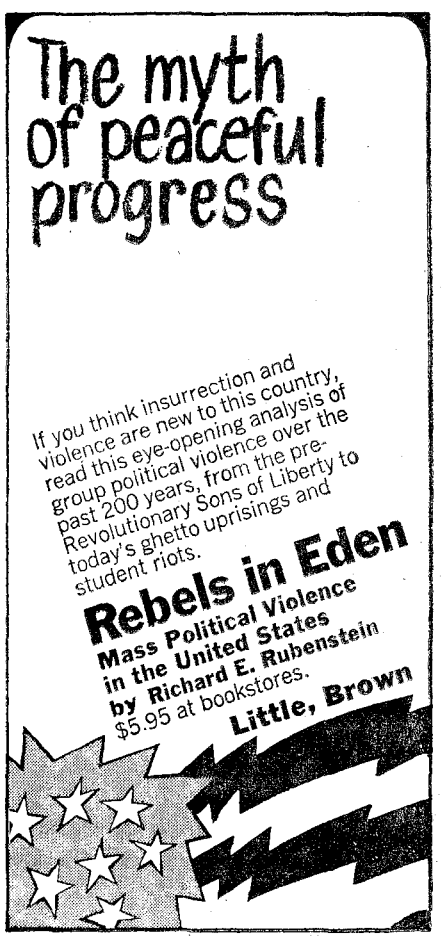
It is a clear conscience to which a man must cling when he goes to bed at night. "Does a Flapper Make a Good Wife?" What do you think? "No man wishes to marry an exhausted, weary, sophisticated, physically burned-out wife to cure her of cigaret smoking and cocktail drinking and excessive rouging in the very beginning of their lives together." However, lest this view be too down-beat, too insulting to potential buyers of *Liberty*, it turns out that the flapper's excessive rouging has a silver lining. Girls in the 1920s, the piece concludes, have more freedom than any girls in history. Therefore, it will be all the more meaningful when they stop flaming their youths at both ends and *choose* "decency." (This still goes on. A recent ad for *Cosmopolitan*, headed "To Bra or Not to Bra!" came up with similarly nonradical conclusions: women are now free to *choose* to be conventional: free to choose to wear bras in public! You've come a long way, baby, uplifted all the way by magazine values.)

Mary Pickford asks "Please May I Bob My Hair?" and decided (surprise!) "Let us bob with moderation." "To Succeed, Be Enthusiastic," says Hugh Fullerton. New York supper clubs are "Gyps That Pass in the Night." Happiness lies right under your eyes, back in your own back yard: "The Gay Life of a Prima Donna Is the Bunk," by Lily Pons. Babe Ruth tells us "How It Feels To Be a Has-Been." (Still, "I have shown a lot of American boys in my time how to bear down when the count is three and two and there are a couple on the bags, with two out.") "America, What a Country: What Happened When a Single Sears Roebuck Catalogue Reached Russia, and Why, As a Propaganda Agent, Nothing Can Beat It."

All those wonderful ads—Armour: "Better have a drink handy to wash down that lump in your throat"—also bolster the booster. "Why Does a Pickaninny Love Watermelon?" Because the taste is irresistible, like Blatz gum. Black Mandy decides to stay on to serve whitey after they buy a new Servel Electrolux Gas Refrigerator. Then the cigarettes: Amelia Earhart tells us that Luckies were with her in her flight across the Atlantic. "They were smoked continuously from Trepassey to Wales. I think nothing else helped so much to lessen the strain for all of us." Luckies not only made you braver but thinner, even healthier. George Gershwin is smoking Luckies rather that eating pastries. "There's nothing to equal that wonderful flavor, so appetizing yet never interfering with one's normal appetite for healthful foods." Brings an old lump to the throat, doesn't it?

The two *Liberty* anthologies end with pieces on TV, an appropriate way to bury their kind of mass magazine and announce its replacement. For *The Ed Sullivan Show* does now for us what these magazines used to do: Eileen Farrell, say, followed by Canned Heat, juggling elephants and Henry Fonda reading from *The Adams-Jefferson Letters*, anything and everything, whatever works, in rapid-fire, so long as no powerful group is offended. You won't find much of the usable past in these anthologies—*Liberty* had Eddie Cantor do a series of reminiscences on the depression, an era which neither magazine really dealt with—but you will get some sense of the fantasy values by which many middle-class Americans thought they lived.

As Armour says, "put a Kate Smith or Eddie Cantor record on your Victrola and settle down to an evening of turning back the clock, or the calendar." Open up these big, gaudy anthologies and reminisce. But make it hard on yourself: invite a kid to look on with you; try to explain to him, from the evidence before you, what was really going on. "Let us bob with moderation." □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If you think insurrection and violence are new to this country, read this eye-opening analysis of group political violence over the past 200 years, from the pre-Revolutionary Sons of Liberty to today's ghetto uprisings and student riots.
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Little, Brown

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THE BIG MONEY COMES TO MY HOMETOWN

They have done
well where I once
worked for minimum wage
on the graveyard
shift and learned the hours
of the Mississippi dark.
We made what served a leisure
people in their off-time hours—
ice buckets, camp stoves,
portable reclining chairs.
But the dies,
I read today,
are being cast
for different tempered steel.
The hometown paper says
POLARTHERM GETS
MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR
CONTRACT. And in lower-case letters:
To Make Bomb Fins
For US Defense
Dep't. Just as soon
as machines are retooled
from 100 to
200 additional persons will work my shift
for minimum wage
and learn to watch
the small, grave hours
of the dark.

James Seay

THE BEAR THAT CAME TO THE WEDDING

(Epithalamium for Patte and Ralph 7 VI 69)

In this poem the Bear shambles in
like a slightly drunken uncle,
politely hands the Bride
a tidy knot of Shooting Star, Strawberry
Blossoms, and Violets, nips
the Groom gently on the left shank
and disappears, humming or snorting
we are not sure, but dancing
certainly, and we are left alone
with the enormity of the forest's blessing,
wondering what to make of our lives after this,
the Bear's visit, thinking it might mean
Love.

Howard McCord

PRELUDE TO SUMMER

I would watch the dogwood
looking for Jesus to appear on its limbs
at the edge of the forest
half in shade
and could not be transplanted
Rusty wound at the end of each petal
scar and stain of a spike
I imagined the sap to be his blood
but I tasted and found it bitter
Did he know it wasn't final
and how could this story
beginning so well
achieve this terrible moment

Dan Gerber

THE FLAG

All over America is trembling:
a scarecrow in the wind.
Such shaking up
shall perhaps reshuffle the stars
and liquefy the stripes,
O tears from the eyes
of those webbed in their private pain!
until the colors
run into each other's arms
like brothers in mutual trouble.

Jack Lindeman

THE GROUNDHOG AND THE MOON

When the groundhog lifted his face
Slightly astounded to see me there
It was pointed and wet with dew,
Wet with dew, that kin of the cat
And sometime cousin of the bear

As when the moon from a covert of clouds
Dense, thick—or was it boughs—
Hooded, obscure, misshapen, peaked,
As if some man in the moon's beast
Had sprung at her face
Moved nevertheless forth through space
A passionately shining presence

And both of these and equally
Smiting within me joy
As half-cocked and as hale.

Jean Garrigue

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Mao, Malcolm, Fanon and Lenin

PICKING UP THE GUN: A Report on the Black Panthers. *By Earl Anthony. The Dial Press. 160 pp. $4.95.*

GENE MARINE
Mr. Marine, a Bay Area writer and longtime Nation *contributor, is the author of* The Black Panthers *(New American Library).*

In October 1968, the Black Panther Party's Deputy Minister of Information, Earl Anthony, left his post in Los Angeles and went off to New York, on his own, to get a contract for a book about the Panthers.

> I went back to California with . . . contract in hand, thinking I would easily get the approval of the Central Committee. I never presented my case to the complete body, but certain very high members were totally opposed . . . to the whole idea. This high-handed attitude caught me completely off guard.

I doubt it. In October of 1968, as every reader of *Ramparts* or *The Black Panther* knew, Chairman Bobby Seale and Anthony's immediate superior, Eldridge Cleaver, were hard at work on a biography of Huey P. Newton, which was to be *the* inside story of the Panthers, complete with their first coherent and official statement of their entire philosophy. For a number of reasons, Cleaver's enforced exile among them, that project has never been completed (portions appeared in *Ramparts*)—but at the time the project was very much alive.

Anthony attributes the opposition to his book to the fact that he had come, in some respects, to disagree with what he calls the party's "ideology" (in oversimplified terms, he was more anti-white than the party). The differences are certainly important; but Anthony makes no mention whatever of the Cleaver-Seale book project, slurs over his leaving his post, and professes astonishment about opposition, in an organization based on internal discipline, to his arbitrary decision to write a book without telling anyone about it until after he had his contract.

He had just returned from a speaking tour in Japan, where much of what he said on behalf of the party deviated sharply from party philosophy. He was suspended and forbidden to speak for the party, decided to go ahead with the book anyway, and finally, in mid-1969, was expelled.

The surprising thing is that he has not written, in any sense, an anti-Panther book. The disappointing thing is that what he *has* written is so unsatisfying and unhelpful. Despite its subtitle, *Picking Up the Gun* is not a report on the Black Panthers at all. It is a disconnected series of reminiscences, most of them neither detailed nor analytical. The language is clear, but flat. There are no character delineations, only names and an occasional adjective (Bobby Seale was "abrupt and businesslike," and "later I was to find out that this was his way"). Only one brief section, of which more in a minute, touches any of the excitement—intellectual or physical—that surrounded the Panthers during their first two years.

Obviously Anthony, and Dial, churned out the book as fast as possible. The sequence of early events in Panther history is jumbled; the events are presented only as they occur to Anthony in other contexts. The dust jacket erroneously identifies him as "Deputy Minister of Education," and says that most of the book was "written while he was still a member" (technically accurate, perhaps, but he wrote it in Paris and Stockholm while under suspension). One of the first Panthers, Reginald Forte, is named as "Reggie Fortier," former police chief Thomas Reddin of Los Angeles is called "Redding," etc.—the kind of silly, unimportant mistakes that come with haste.

But what is most disappointing is that there is no help in the book for anyone who wants to understand what the Panthers *are*. Except for saying that they talked about Fanon a lot in the early days, or that they read Mao's Little Red Book, there is no mention of political or philosophical discussion. One wonders, reading it, who the audience is supposed to be. In an opening author's note, Anthony writes:

> None of us, especially those who are black, should forget the contribution which the Black Panther Party has made, and I'm sure is continuing to make, in the struggle for the survival of black people in America. They picked up the gun to show America, so vain and unconcerned in her power over people's lives, that when she decided to take another black life she would have to bring ass to get ass. That in itself should be enough to warrant the Black Panther Party the undying respect of black people.

Right on. But the black reader, especially the younger black reader, already knows that—he wants, I would guess, to hear more about the how and why. The white reader, who may not understand the significance to blacks of "picking up the gun," wants (and needs) it explained to him. Anthony—a University of Southern California graduate who came within a year of finishing law school—does neither.

Possibly he could not. It seems obvious from the book that Anthony related well to Newton and Cleaver, the "intellectuals" of the party, and not nearly so well to Seale. Anthony's first trouble inside the party came in Los Angeles because he was devoting too much time to intellectual activities (a KPFK commentary and speeches on college campuses) and not enough to party work such as its internal political education program. Without detracting from his revolutionary commitment, which is clearly genuine, he is evidently much more comfortable with the microphone or the typewriter than with the gun he speaks so proudly of picking up.

The Black Panther Party is, by any definition, a revolutionary group, one which is attempting to find—and to a surprising extent has succeeded in finding—revolutionary political theories which are applicable to the condition of black people in America today, particularly in urban America. Its synthesis of Mao and Malcolm, Fanon and Lenin (with the important addition of Cleaver's and Newton's own contributions) is no street hoodlums' hodgepodge but a careful winnowing of political thought. Their analysis of the role of the police in white repression is accurate and brilliant.

Deepening dilemma

"To bring inflation to an end," say the editors in their Review of the Month, "may not be possible without a prolonged period of stagnation in which excess capacity and unemployment become general." Also, Juan Bosch declares for "dictatorship supported by the people." And Paresh Chattopadhyay on state capitalism in India. Send for your free sample of the March issue now.

MONTHLY REVIEW

Edited by Paul M. Sweezy and Harry Magdoff

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I am not ashamed of my own white outsider's attempt to understand and to convey some of the thinking that underlies and explains the Panthers' public activities; but it would be foolish to believe that it could be any substitute for an organized and coherent presentation from within by a black participant. Nor are Cleaver's isolated and collected essays, or the occasional fragmentary treatment in *The Black Panther*, enough. Anthony, despite his suspension and eventual expulsion, still believes in the Black Panther Party—at least in what he thinks it was when he joined it. Despite official disapproval, he might have written the book on the Panthers we need, and saved this disjointed and unsatisfactory memoir for his grandchildren.

Having said all this, let me now suggest that *Picking Up the Gun* is still worth reading, despite its failures, for two reasons.

The first is Chapter 10, which begins with the Battle of Montclaire—a police-Panther gunfight in Los Angeles in August 1968, in which three Panthers and one policeman were killed. Following the shooting, the Los Angeles Panthers and the Los Angeles police began to prepare for a confrontation. As it happens, the confrontation never came—but Anthony conveys the tension, the hopelessness and the determination, and makes the Panthers' attitude, which sometimes seems foolish to white people in comfortable homes and apartments, credible and understandable.

Beyond that, Anthony accomplishes what may seem, today, a remarkable feat. He describes what the Panthers expected the police to do—and, though it was written well in advance, it turns out to be a chillingly accurate description of what they *did* do, in Chicago and Los Angeles, more than a year later.

It is precisely because the Panthers *know* the police, and know them far better than do most of the rest of us, that their determined use of the word "pig" makes perfect sense, and the fastidious revulsion of some of the rest of us does not. If further confirmation is needed, Anthony notes what uninvolved observers also saw at the time: that after the death of Martin Luther King, it was the pigs in Oakland and Los Angeles who wanted a riot—and the Panthers who kept it from happening in those two explosive cities.

The second reason for reading the book is the revealing section near the end in which Anthony describes his speaking tour in Japan, his troubles with the party's leadership and its "ideology," and his thoughts at the time.

It is clear that Anthony disapproves of the Panthers' "foreign policy": their policy of alliances with white groups such as the Peace and Freedom Party, when such alliances will serve the self-interest of each group without resulting in any ideological or tactical take-overs. Racism, Huey Newton has often said, is "the white man's bag—we don't need it." Once, in discussing SNCC, Newton said that because the Panthers have never been controlled by whites, they have no reason to retaliate against such control.

Anthony disagrees. He refers constantly to the splits, the arguments, the feuds within the black liberation movement (and ultimately within the Panthers themselves, although he tells little about those arguments except that they occurred), and by the book's end he clearly blames such splits on white interference:

> I think it despicable that interlopers continue to play black personalities and leaders against each other. I think it unfortunate that black personalities, or leaders (those who actually command people), allow themselves to be used, pimped in this way. I refer to the white Left who are always pitting black personalities against each other, ideologically, and to the mass media which uses [*sic*] any differences between personalities to create a situation of drama and melodrama for the public. *I firmly believe that this is what set the stage for Malcolm X to be assassinated.* [Anthony's italics.]

Anthony alludes to divisions in the black liberation movement in the early days of the Panthers in the Bay Area, when there were almost no whites around. He mentions, though he doesn't explain, the running feud in Los Angeles between the Panthers and Ron Karenga's US—but he says nothing about any whites being involved. He offers no further comment about how white interlopers or pimps were responsible for Malcolm's death (and there is nothing in Malcolm's autobiography to back him up).

One of the most significant things about the Black Panther Party is its determination to be militant, to stand up and pick up the gun in the urban black ghetto, *without being anti-white*. This determination is obviously at the root of Eldridge Cleaver's much publicized disagreements with Stokely Carmichael, for instance; and if the rest of us, black and white, are to understand what's going down with the Panthers, we're going to have to deal with this issue. *Picking Up the Gun* is at least a place to start. But we shall have to wait a while longer for the inside story that will tell us what we still need to know about the Black Panthers. □

Once Over Lightly

THE RAW AND THE COOKED. Introduction to a Science of Mythology, Vol. I. *By Claude Lévi-Strauss. Translated by John and Doreen Weightman. Harper & Row. 387 pp. $10.*

RICHARD T. DE GEORGE

Mr. De George is chairman of the Philosophy Department at the University of Kansas. His most recent books are The New Marxism *(Pegasus) and* Soviet Ethics and Morality *(Michigan).*

For many people structuralism is Claude Lévi-Strauss, professor of anthropology at the Collège de France. There were structuralists preceding him, and a bewildering variety of structuralist followers have appeared in recent years—most of whom he disavows any connection with. But there is no doubt that it was only with Lévi-Strauss that structuralism became a movement sweeping across disciplinary lines and uniting previously disconnected trends in anthropology, literary and art criticism, linguistics, psychology and philosophy.

Lévi-Strauss brought to the fore the view that there is a basic, universal human nature the structure of which, lying hidden behind certain manifestations in language, cooking, table manners, in myth-making, art and all other facets of social life, can be uncovered and laid bare. His approach promises to bring order to the mass of ethnological data previously accumulated by anthropologists, to make a science of anthropology, and to provide a model for bringing not only the social sciences but even literary criticism and the arts themselves into the scientific framework.

In *Tristes Tropiques* Lévi-Strauss explained that the impetus for his structuralist approach to social phenomena came from his study of Freudian psychology, Marxist economics and geology. In all three he found that "understanding consists in the reduction of one type of reality to another." All three look below the surface and attempt to account for visible phenomena in terms of unseen laws and regularities which make them intelligible. Freud understands human action in terms of unconscious motivations and causes; Marx explains social life and institutions in terms of economic causes; geology accounts for the seemingly arbitrary formations of the earth in terms of certain physical laws.

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In *The Raw and the Cooked* Lévi-Strauss looks below the meanings of the apparently chaotic and gratuitous myths of various tropical American native tribes to find their systematic interrelations. He believes he can find the basic patterns and mechanisms in the mind of man which structure not only his myth-making but all of his social activities.

Lévi-Strauss has adapted his method from structural linguistics. He sketchily outlines it in the "Overture" to *The Raw and the Cooked*. A structural linguist uncovers the grammar (or structure) of a language by first isolating and analyzing its basic elements and then studying the relation of these elements and the laws governing their interaction and transformation. The oppositions between phonemes, between consonant and vowel, open and closed, and so on, are common to all languages, and modern linguists—such as Noam Chomsky in the United States—attempt to systematize these relations and oppositions into a grammar common to all languages.

Lévi-Strauss treats cooking, art, music, literature, myth, modes of dress, table manners and a vast number of other forms of social life as languages. Like language, they are universal forms of human activity which can be considered as modes of expression, types of communication, and systems of behavior which are structured by unconscious laws. A structural analysis uncovers the "grammar" of each type of activity. As English grammar is to spoken English, the structure of each activity is to the activity itself. A fluent English speaker is not conscious of the grammar which structures his speech, but the grammar is always there. Working with the concrete forms of a social activity, the structuralist isolates the basic components of that activity to discover the unconscious laws which govern their interrelation. In *The Raw and the Cooked* Lévi-Strauss attempts to outline "the syntax of South American mythology."

The basis for this effort is Lévi-Strauss' postulation that all forms of social life are substantially of the same nature. He claims that the constraining structures of the mind are the same for all minds —ancient and modern, primitive and civilized; and "that the kind of logic in mythical thought is as rigorous as that of modern science." The difference among disciplines and among historical periods is a function not of the quality of the intellectual process but of the nature of the things to which it is applied. Thus, if pushed far enough, the unconscious structure underlying one institution or custom—e.g., cooking—can serve as a principle of interpretation valid for other institutions—e.g., art, law, religion—within that society and cross-culturally for other societies. Instead of simply comparing cross-cultural similarities in cooking or kinship systems, he attempts to account for them; instead of simply observing behavior, he attempts to explain it in terms of general laws and unconscious structures.

The Raw and the Cooked is the first of a multi-volumed series by Lévi-Strauss on myths of the natives of South and North America. The 187 myths he analyzes in this first volume come mainly from Brazil, though in later volumes (II and III have already appeared in French) they are related to myths covering a variety of topics from many South and North American Indian tribes. Lévi-Strauss argues that they can be understood only when treated as forming a system.

The Raw and the Cooked deals with a series of myths concerned with the origin of fire, the mortality of man, and the relation of nature and society. Cooking is one of the ways man distinguishes himself from the other species: it marks the transition from the state of nature to the state of society and culture. To understand man's view of cooking is to understand one of the ways in which he expresses and views himself as man.

These views are embodied in certain myths. Lévi-Strauss analyzes them to isolate the constituent units (or "mythemes") and the bundles of relations out of which myths are formed. The isomorphism between various sets demonstrates how a set of myths about the origin of fire held by one tribe can be systematically transformed by certain rules of inversion, transposition, and opposition into another set about the origin of water held by a different tribe. On this basis he argues that these myths are not simply imaginative stories but are unconsciously determined in each case by the similar structure of the human mind working on the different phenomena at hand.

Though Lévi-Strauss wishes to establish a science of mythology, he admits that such a science is still in its infancy. He warns the reader that his use of apparently logico-mathematical symbols should not be taken too seriously, and that his use of such terms as "symmetry," "inversion," "equivalence," "homology," "isomorphism," etc., is loose and needs refining. Consequently, the isomorphisms he uncovers and the transformations he proposes are, to a degree, only speculative. For the latter depend on the former. Yet he makes plausible his claim that the key Bororo myth belongs to a set of myths that explain the origin of cooking, though this theme is absent from it; that cooking is a form of mediation between life and death, nature and society, earth and heaven; and that by the application of certain binary relations one can transform a set of Bororo myths relating to the transition from nature to culture into apparently different myths of the Sherente tribe.

The book—and even more so the series of which it is a part—is ambitious, often difficult to follow, and frequently unclear. Lévi-Strauss sometimes pays great attention to minute details; at other times he ignores large discrepancies between two myths which he "feels" are essentially similar. One cannot help but conclude that much of the analysis proceeds more by intuition than by rule. It is doubtful whether someone else dealing with the same material would approximate in any great detail Lévi-Strauss' results. Nor do the similarities he points out and the transformations which he unravels demonstrate the *necessary* operation of the human mind. Rather, like many rationalist philosophers before him, Lévi-Strauss has only *assumed* that the human mind and nonhuman reality are isomorphically structured (how could anyone prove this?); and his analysis proves only that the binary relations used in linguistics are extraordinarily helpful

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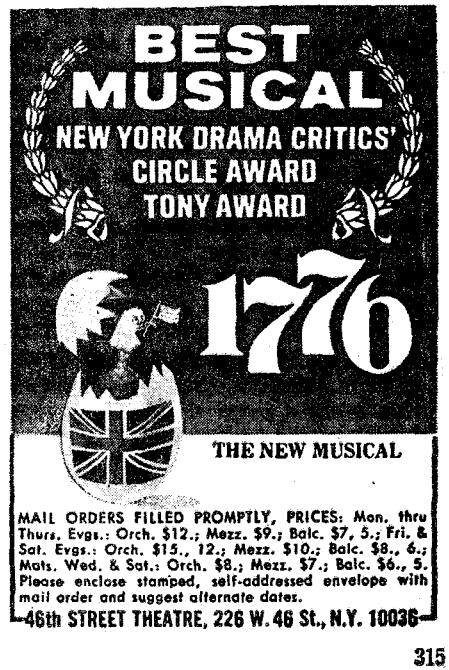

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in bringing order out of the former chaos of a large body of myths.

The importance of Lévi-Strauss' work, however, should not be judged only by its ability to satisfy the canons of a rigorous science. Myths are one means by which a people partially understand and partially misunderstand themselves and their societies. Lévi-Strauss tells us that *The Raw and the Cooked* is a "myth of mythology."

Especially appealing in an age which distrusts absolutes is the fact that Lévi-Strauss does not have to be right to be exciting, provocative and suggestive. To a generation which has grown up believing with the existentialists that there are no objective values and that man is the arbitrary creator of value, Lévi-Strauss offers a transcendent, cosmological structure which grounds both matter and man. His work bespeaks a cultural openness at a time when closed ideologies have tended to divide mankind; it levels technocratic and Stone Age societies to the disadvantage of neither at a time of their emergent confrontation. It questions whether science and its rationality are an advance over primitive culture at a time when the irrationality of the thermonuclear balance of power is becoming ever more apparent to the young and not-so-young inheritors of the earth. And it exemplifies a new approach to and appreciation of nonverbal types of expression and behavior. By taking myth seriously Lévi-Strauss suggests new ways for modern man to understand himself and his world. □

Tsar-Crossed

THE TRAGIC DYNASTY: A History of the Romanovs. *By John D. Bergamini. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 512 pp. $10.*

T. H. VON LAUE

Mr. Von Laue teaches Russian history at Washington University, St. Louis. His most recent book is The Global City *(Lippincott). He has also written widely on Russian and Soviet topics.*

If the tragedy of the last generation of ruling Romanovs was caused by plain incomprehension of the political and social conditions which they faced, Mr. Bergamini's history of their dynasty certainly prepares a similar fate for his readers. The villain in his explanation of the fall of the Romanovs is no less a figure than Rasputin (a "professional peasant," Mr. Bergamini calls him), whose "two-facedness is *really the whole root of the Romanov tragedy*, for it led to vast mutual misunderstanding and misconfidence between the imperial family and the Russian people" (italics added). So it was not, after all, Lenin, that wicked professional revolutionary, who brought down the Romanovs! This primitive level of historical and political insight is about standard for the lot of recent Romanov histories (there have been four in recent months). Their glittering pages threaten to perpetuate the same incomprehension that brought tragedy (or was it merely punishment?) to that ruling family and disaster to untold millions of others.

Bergamini's volume starts with the insane rages of Ivan the Terrible and builds up, through anarchy, civil war, enslavement of the peasants and hair-raising cruelty, to the volcanic reign of Peter the Great, the "self-made tsar." Peter rose from "boozer and bombardier" of Gargantuan appetites to "master diplomat" in the Great Northern War; he tortured his son to death and died after having crowned as empress his peasant-born mistress (and having put the head of her executed reputed lover in a jar within her sight). Eighteenth-century Russia provides the author with his most rewarding extravaganzas, a lavish chronicle of intrigue, conspiracy, sex, violence and death, culminating in the reign of Catherine the Great.

In any telling the 19th-century autocrats pale by comparison. Their century was more disciplined and practical, its mores more puritanical. There were no amours, for instance, in the life of Nicholas II (the early episode with the dancer Kshesinskaia apart) although there was much scandal at court. Bergamini keeps close watch on the human nature of the autocrats, observing for instance that Nicholas II continued to play tennis after receiving the news of the naval disaster at Tsushima. (How, incidentally, did the author know that it was the Emperor's serve when he resumed the game?) Bergamini's story traces the fate of all surviving Romanovs right down to the present, including that of the pseudo-Anastasia, alias Anna Anderson, who never laid her hands on the Romanov millions; in fact there seem to have been no millions. And as for rumor, had you heard of the finger of the late Empress preserved in a jar in a New York bank?

Whether or not Bergamini writes solid history, he does catch hold of the existentialist pathos in the rise and fall of the autocrats. Suspended between the extremes of power, of passion, of ambition and will, they always lived at the edge of calamity and violent death. The life of the autocrats fits the most pessimistic definition of the human condition. They started on their destiny nearly always from either crime or catastrophe—a murdered husband or father, an insurrection, a lost war; they played their uncertain yet always courageous parts before they passed away in disillusionment or failure, a failure often sealed by untimely and brutal death.

Did they deserve such a fate? The majority of their subjects always took at face value the autocrats' claim to being the prime movers of Russia's destiny; in the great reckoning of 1917-20 they judged their rulers criminally guilty. Western observers, however, have generally insisted that the Romanovs' fate was undeserved and hence tragic. In this work, the author has painted, in the style of historical realism so fashionable in Russia before and after the revolution, the surfaces of tragedy. The Romanov tsars, like marionettes, act out their roles at the mercy of forces that remain off-stage, unperceived by the viewer. The innocence that made them into tragic heroes is more assumed than proven. The author has hardly plumbed the depths of the Romanov tragedy.

A dynasty rises to power and maintains itself by performing effectively the tasks of government. When it ceases to do so it loses its legitimacy (historians can't help being Hobbesians); eventually it is overthrown. Talking about the tragedy of the Romanovs then means talking about the tragedy of government—any government—in Russia, about the tragedy of trying to provide order, justice and security under conditions far more adverse than those prevailing in Western Europe whence proceeded the standards by which the tsars were judged.

There is no time here to spell out the various bitter adversities—let them merely be characterized by the grab-bag term of "backwardness." The point is that one cannot grasp the Romanov tragedy without taking into account the degrading internal as well as external setting of the Russian Empire (it goes entirely unmentioned in this book), without understanding the superhuman magnitude of the tasks which the tsars faced, and without observing the desperate methods by which they tried—tragically—to solve them.

In this broader perspective the very existence of Russia as a great power was always a huge calamity. The rulers, their servitors, their subjects—all were forced to assume a burden far exceeding their capacities, far more excessive than that borne by the citizens in Western or even Central Europe. The state grew rich while the people grew poor. Thus it was

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in the 17th century and the age of Peter the Great: thus it is again in the 20th century. When all had been done to assure the survival of the empire (and the job always remained incomplete and haphazard), nothing was left materially or spiritually for the spontaneous creativity of its inhabitants.

Worse: the polity suffered from an abysmal cultural and social gap between the Europeanized elite and the peasant bulk of the population, between the vanguard and the main host. The split brought out the worst instincts of both sides. In the process Russian society became not a consensus society but a command society forever condemned to be judged by the standards of the former. All this—and more—has to be kept in mind if we are to do justice to the Romanovs.

The task of governing the Russian empire lay beyond the strength of any man or woman, even of that Gargantuan dynamo of change, Peter I. Reared under chaotic family conditions (symptomatic of the troubles of the country as a whole) and hence emotionally unstable or downright psychopathic, they were subjected to all the corrupting influences of absolute power. Laboring under an excessive discipline of supreme responsibility (which too set them off from their subjects) they yet enjoyed unusual liberties. Commonly they started with high hopes —and always with a commendable sense of duty—only to find their efforts spited by the unmanageable complexity of all things Russian. In their growing frustration they often sought solace with their mistresses, as was the case with Nicholas I and Alexander II—rather in vain, for their love was always soured by a sense of doom.

The only exceptions perhaps were the 18th-century Empresses, Elizabeth and Catherine II (the "strong woman" motif applies to Russian autocrats down to Alexandra). These two, however, were unusually favored by circumstances and protected by both their femininity and callousness.

In the case of Nicholas II there was added tragedy. By very virtue of his being tsar he could not understand the profound changes through which his country was passing in the age of industrialism and mass mobilization. From Peter I to Alexander II the autocrats had been crowned revolutionaries who believed that revolution from above was better than revolution from below. Nicholas II by contrast was prisoner of his office, a reactionary trying to stem an inevitable tide. He clung to his perhaps justifiable belief that a great and proud Russia could not be ruled by democratic means.

It was not Lenin then, let alone Rasputin, but the accursed backwardness in Russia, abstract and invisible until the German armies proved the point, that caused the ultimate Romanov tragedy. Nicholas II, the grand dukes, the Russian aristocracy, the liberals like Miliukov—none of them ever understood the forces that laid them low. Even *émigré* historians like George Katkov have not yet learned the lesson. The mainsprings of the revolution were forces beyond their comprehension. Their innocence is revealed in their childish explanations for the debacle: Lenin, Rasputin, German agents; schemers, agitators, conspirators.

We may forgive the members of the old Russian ruling class their incomprehension—the gods have struck them down for it. In the case, however, of a gifted American historian like Bergamini, such innocence seems culpable. □

MUSIC / David Hamilton

This year, as we are not infrequently reminded, is the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, and there is a certain appropriateness about its coincidence with a palpable crisis of confidence in the future of serious music in this country. For it was really in Beethoven's time—and, to some extent, because of the image that he projected—that the concept of "classic" music, "music for the ages," came into being. True, the English had made a head start by canonizing Handel (who certainly had never thought of his music *sub specie aeternitatis*), but it is with Beethoven that music begins to be written with an eye on the future rather than simply for current consumption (and, generally, subsequent discard). Only given the continuing circulation of a repertory from the past does the posture of a Mahler—"My time will come"—make any sense, or the idea, which is at the root of much *avant-gardism* in the past hundred years, that the public will "catch up."

At Beethoven's point in history began the creation of a "standard repertory" and the basic framework that has shaped

IN PLACE OF A PHONE CALL TO ARABIA

an empty ashtray
because I don't smoke
is the mark
of something missing

the hollow
in my throat
when you can see one blue vein
like a protruding nail in a pine board
is empty too

a woman is one half of a siamese twin
My other half/ the part
that fills the socket
of my throat
that whispers in my ear with a warm tongue
and turns my body
like an hour glass
is running empty guns in Arabia

Sand in my mouth;
they burn it into sapphires.
You are a missing scar on my arm.
A smoked cigarette
an empty Gauloise Bleu package
I am the silver
paper
lining
it.

Diane Wakoski

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most of our musical life for nearly two centuries. Instead of competing primarily against his contemporaries, who wrote in essentially the same style (if with varying degrees of invention and expertise), the composer has had to struggle for attention against an increasing body of accepted masterpieces, whose styles have become so commonplace that the original significance of the gestures within those styles has long since taken second place in the public mind to their surface familiarity. In fact, for much of the public, stylistic recognition is clearly the primary criterion of musical judgment—which should not be surprising, for the basic emphasis of much musical education, built upon historically oriented foundations, is devoted to the identification of styles rather than the understanding of musical processes.

Many of the consequences deriving from this unhappy circumstance need no further belaboring in these columns: the alienation of the composer from the audience (on his part at first unwilling, but recently with occasional signs of positive enthusiasm); the "Edifice Complex," involving the expenditure of vast quantities of money in the creation of museum-mausoleums suitable primarily for music written in the 19th century; the glorification of performers, whose regular rotation gives a satisfying, if generally insignificant, patina of novelty to the otherwise repetitive proceedings; even the unwarranted attention given to superficially *épatant* but procedurally vapid "music." All these by-products are elements of the present precarious situation, the roots of which can be traced back to the time of Beethoven; their current flowering in this country may well signify the approaching end of a musical tradition. (A few similar problems are apparent in some European countries, and it is difficult to say whether the continued thriving condition of music in, say, England, is the result of a genuine growth or is merely the result of technological "backwardness.")

In its traditional forms, art music is a labor-intensive activity. Popular music has always been less so, and has proved markedly more adaptable to capitalist exploitation, because of its greater market potential, its lower production costs, and its built-in obsolescence. The natural bias of the economy is therefore operating against art music, and this bias is reinforced today by the vast numerical preponderance in the market place of a highly consumption-oriented youth public. The fashionable arts for youth are concentrated in the media: films and recordings, in particular; it is probable that the majority of this public can be reached only through the media.

But because of the nature of the recording medium, art music is fundamentally ill adapted to survive in this market. The LP record equates all kinds of music (even the once traditional distinction between the 10-inch "pop" and the 12-inch "classical" was abandoned some years back to simplify manufacturing and marketing), making them equally available. It may well be that to the generation that has grown up since 1950, music no longer seems a human activity, but rather the automatic result of inserting one of a variety of interchangeable parts into a machine. From this point of view, Beethoven's Ninth and the latest popular hit are functionally equivalent—and what's the big deal about Beethoven? The applicability of Gresham's law in such a situation is obvious; it is clearly to the financial advantage of the record producers (although I am sure that many of them will deny it, and quite sincerely) to make rapidly obsolescent pop music the standard auditory preference of American youth, most of whom have never been exposed to direct contact with the experience of art music.

How is this built-in economic tendency to be forestalled before it succeeds in smothering the minority to whom a continuing—and growing—tradition of art music is a valuable enhancement of life? As the recent hearings on government support of the arts have reminded us, the amount of money needed to shore up the musical establishment is relatively trivial (although that in itself does not mean it will be forthcoming); in Amyas Ames's favorite comparison, all the symphony orchestras in the United States could be freed of two years' financial worries for less than the cost of the Hawthorne traffic circle.

But simply keeping the establishment afloat will not cure the fundamental problems. If the taxpayers are to be forced to pay for "culture," they deserve something better for their money than the re-enactment of rituals from another time. The gathering of warm bodies inside buildings of cold travertine does not cause culture to happen; we shall have to start further back than that, with education and with the insistence that musicians themselves have a voice in the management of musical affairs—and with an unequivocal assignment to the *creative* arts of a place among national priorities. Otherwise it might be healthier—if extremely painful—to let the existing structures founder and hope that new ones will emerge.

But this hope is not expressed very securely, nor am I heedless of the suffering that such a dislocation will entail. However, the shape of the future is already visible in the ways that America is returning to its old status as a net importer of art music. Even the records we buy of the Los Angeles Philharmonic are manufactured in England; soon those of the Boston Symphony will be imported from Germany. Equally absurdly, Aaron Copland, the most famous living American-born composer, records his music (much of it commissioned by American musical organizations) with an English orchestra. A few steps further, and there may no longer be any American orchestras, or any famous living American composers. □

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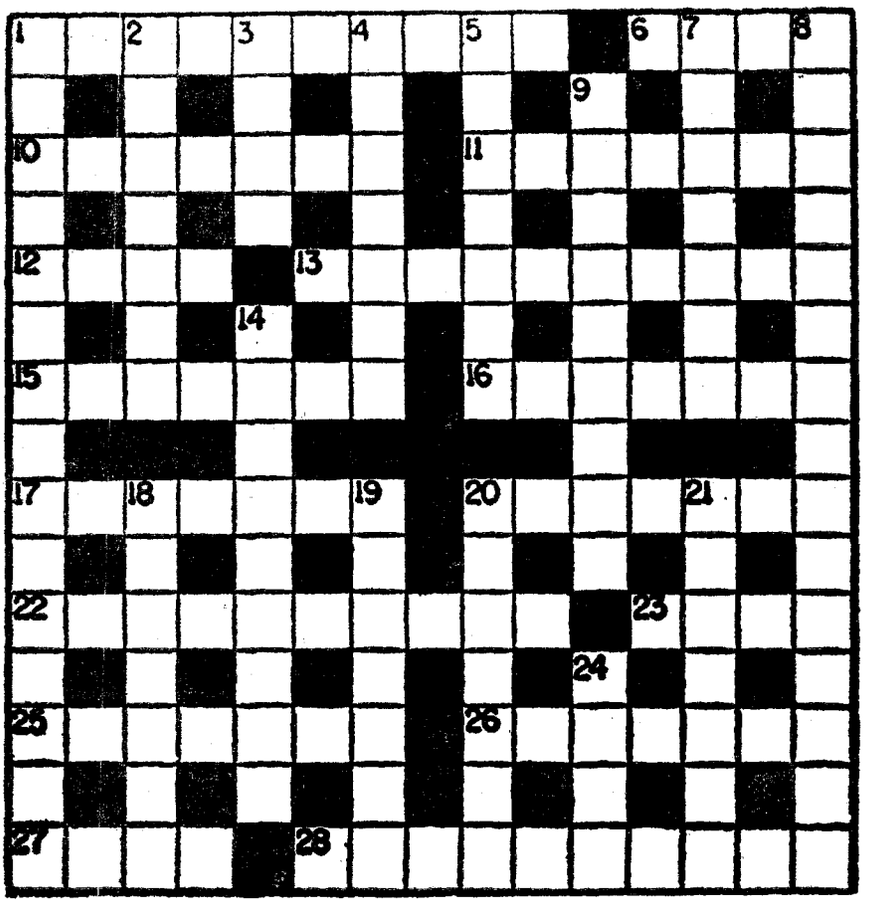

ACROSS

1 They sound like nice clean canvas, usually found in January. (5,5)
6 Temporary 16 for a somewhat frivolous modern style. (4)
10 What the ape isn't, one hopes man is. (7)
11 A mule is not dirty at all! (7)
12 Running this, anything might prove dangerous. (4)
13 The emphasis someone like her puts on the blues? (10)
15 As one gathers, "inquire within"? (They should seal up the joint!) (7)
16 Lee could have provided it. (7)
17 What a 20 down probably does. (7)
20 11, perhaps, set pica with the letters pied. (7)
22 Gives over weapons in bars possibly associated with working types. (10)
23 It should be sound, on reflection. (4)
25 Now part of Algeria. (7)
26 Would, by the sound of it, one's diet? (7)
27 Scuttle, possibly in the kitchen. (4)
28 They might be recognized by their short cries in church. (10)

DOWN

1 Agitators are not so commonly found in them nowadays. (7,8)
2 I'm upset by it, with a tendency to continue. (7)
3 and 24 down Many dumps are, as one looks over the iron and tin, etc. (8)
4 Without them one couldn't open many a book or shut a different version. (7)
5 Sensing colors, in a way—one stripe each. (7)
7 People got down around them for food.
8 Keep nagging at the chefs—they'll prepare your dinner shortly! (8,7)
9 They reputedly like the light. (9)
14 Puts off, possibly due to the sea's tides being rough. (4,5)
18 Soporific sprinkler. (7)
19 Chaps in trouble might find it gives them added muscle! (7)
20 Something that could be raised on a mountain might help. (7)
21 Touching example of a pet jumping up on the roofing material. (7)
24 See 3 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1336

ACROSS: 1 Contrivance; 10 Reach; 11 and 9 Adam Bede; 12 Bomb bay; 15 Break off; 18 Credit; 21 Exciting; 24 Amassed; 26 Comfits; 28 Moat; 29 Alive; 30 Arch; 31 Spellbinder. DOWN: 2 Overboard; 3 Tornado; 4 Ivan; 5 Ashanti; 6 Chart; 7 Velour; 8 Tackle; 14, 20 and 16 After the Ball is Over; 17 Out-of-date; 19 Ramrod; 22 Close in; 25, 13 and 23 Sit up and take notice; 27 Limb.

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